

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

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Somebody's Son.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

"Herbert Gray, sergeant of company F, discharged, has been arrested for appropriating to his own use a sum of money entrusted to his care by a fellow soldier. He has confessed the crime, and been lodged in jail."

Close down by the sea-shore stood a low-roofed cottage, with the bright morning sunshine smiling in through every pane of the narrow windows, for the vines once screening the casement were leafless and bare, and the trees that formed an archway above the whitewashed gate, had drifted their leafy banners in showers of crimson, brown and yellow; or sailing slowly down, one by one, had buried the nicely-kept flower-beds ranged each side the walk, out of sight. But there was no desolate look about the quiet spot. The waters that stretched out as far as the eye could reach, foamed and sparkled in the morning light, and blended their most cheerful sounds in harmony with the merry voices that echoed through the cottage. There were only three, the father, mother, and daughter, besides the absent son—and he was coming home.

Since earliest dawn, the household had been astir, there was so much to be done to prepare a cheerful welcome. The mother was going about in her quiet way, preparing with her own hands just what the dear boy always loved best; while Edith was flitting about the rooms, with a duster in one hand, and some little articles of ornament or comfort in the other. The father alone was unoccupied. He walked up and down the yard, with no out-

ward demonstrations, but it was evident the moments were passing too slowly to keep pace with his joyful anticipations.

"Now, father, do get ready to go to the boat; I know it is time," urged the soft voice of Edith Gray, as she threw the kitchen door wide open in her enthusiasm.

"No hurry, child—no hurry," was the calm reply. "Just you tell me to a minute what time 'tis; I've got everything ready for a start, but I had rather wait here than on the wharf."

"Why, father it's half-past ten, and the boat gets in at eleven." She did not tell him she had helped the clock on a quarter hour in its day's work, as if that would jog old time on any faster in its course.

"Say, father, can't I ride down, too? It is so delightful, and really, I cannot wait."

"I guess you'd better not; I am afraid you will jump off the wharf for joy when the boat comes in. You must curb your impatience, my little girl."

"Oh, mother, what shall I do? I can't keep still—I can't, truly. Just see, father is getting out the horse, and in one hour, certain, my dear, sweet brother will be here." The impulsive little creature covered her face with her hands, and there were two bright joyful drops pressed themselves between the slender fingers.

"Why, Edie, don't go crazy, child. What if something has happened so Herbert cannot come?"

"That isn't supposable, mother. He had been discharged on account of that old lameness, you know, that a year and a-half of military service has not benefited at all, and was

actually on his way home. But come, mother, to pass the time away, let me introduce you to all the rooms, they are in such perfect order. Wont Herbie be pleased? Now, don't this room look nice—and this?" and, with the eager questions of the one, and the pleased replies of the other, the survey of the neat apartments was made.

We have all been waiting for some dear one after everything has been pronounced complete, and know just how wearily that hour dragged itself away. One hour—a-half—two hours, and no sign of the old farm wagon down the sandy road, leading off to the landing. Edith's eyes were growing weary of watching at the window which commanded the longest view, and a little feeling of uneasiness began to creep over her, and even her mother's face began to wear a less joyful look.

"Never mind, daughter," she spoke in a cheery voice, as she lifted the dining-table from its place between the windows. "The boat was late; no doubt it is often, you know, after the weather comes cold; so we'll fly round, and have dinner all ready against they get here, because we shant be able to do a thing then, like's not."

Edith's step was hardly as light, as she obeyed her mother's bidding, pausing as she brought each dish from the pantry, to take a look out at the window, declaring emphatically each time that she would not look again.

Dinner was all ready, the meat and vegetables set in the stove to keep warm, and really tempting it looked to the mother and sister—so how nice it must seem to the soldier boy. At length a carriage appeared along the unfrequented road, slowly, very slowly, Edith thought, as she gazed eagerly towards it.

"If that is father, I am as vexed with him as I can be; just see how he mopes along. No, it isn't he; there isn't but one in the wagon. Oh, dear!" Edith turned her head away for a moment, and when she looked again, her face flushed with surprise and disappointment.

"Oh, mother, it is father, I do believe. Yes, I know it is old Colon's step, and Herbie isn't come!" The bright head dropped upon the window, and was not again raised till the father had driven slowly, reluctantly it seemed, into the door yard. He was a long time in getting out of the wagon, and making Colon fast to the post, and neither ventured to ask one question of the pale, sorrow-stricken man who faltered in at the kitchen door.

"Herbert, our son?—my brother?" were the only words, bursting simultaneously from the lips of mother and daughter.

The father drew a paper from his pocket, but his hand trembled so, it dropped from his grasp.

"Not dead, husband?" plead the mother's voice, in a hoarse whisper.

"Worse—worse than dead. Oh, my boy! my boy! Would God you had been laid in your grave before you had come to this! Read it, Edith—that paragraph; I can't."

Edith concluded the brief lines, through which she trembled with a moan of anguish, that was feebly reechoed by her mother's voice.

"My boy in jail! Oh, God help me! Isn't there some mistake? It cannot be our Herbert—our dear boy, over whom we have watched so long and so fervently. Oh no, husband, it cannot be! Give me just one ray of hope!" And the poor mother pressed her hands upon her burning brow, and gazed eagerly into her husband's face.

He only shook his head. There was no hope. It was the dear boy's company and regiment—he, too, was discharged. There wouldn't be two Herbert Grays.

The dinner remained untasted, the fire burned low, and old Colon stood at his post, looking wistfully up at the kitchen door, evidently wondering why he was kept waiting so long.

The sun crept around towards the west, and darkness and gloom settled over the once pleasant cottage. The water looked cold and dark, as it plashed mournfully against the surf-beaten shore, joining its plaintive wail with the moans and sighs of the heart-broken trio. Alas, for that blighted household!

And yet, how many such there are throughout the land! Ears weary with listening for footsteps that sound not—eyes aching with watching for loved ones who come not—hearts breaking for some idolized son, who has forgotten, since leaving that father's roof, to repeat his childhood's prayer—"lead us not into temptation."

We read those lines, almost daily chronicled, with scarce a passing thought. It does not come near us or ours, but it is somebody's son; there is mourning and anguish in somebody's home.

And, dear young men, you who sometimes suffer temptation to lead you towards the forbidden path, when the angel of darkness seems nearer than the angel of light, and the wrong so much easier than the right, remem-

ber your home. Think for one moment—
what will dear father, mother or sister, say,
if I follow this evil course, which may shut
me out from their love on earth, with no
hope of ever reclaiming it in the kingdom of
Heaven.

Alice Carey.

Almost every week we pause over a little
poem from the pen of Alice Carey in the *New
York Ledger*, and find some new thought or
suggestive illustration that sets the mind in
motion. Several of these little poems now lie
on the table before us, clipped out and laid
aside for a second reading. Here are three of
them:—

NEWS.

Listen! listen! news of battle!

Hark! the crying in the street!

Oh, the eager, anxious faces!

Oh, the hearts with fear that beat!

Leaning lowly from the windows,

Mothers, wives and sweethearts, say

To the crowd so wildly surging—

Is there heavy news to-day?

And the mustering soldiers answer,

Speaking sad, and speaking low—

Fearful, frightened wives and sweethearts,

God be with you—we must go!

Silence: then a trembling whisper—

Then the voices, clear and strong,

Answer—Oh, beleaguered country,

Thou has suffered all too long!

Take them! In thy day of darkness

We accept the bitter cup;

Take and bind them even as willows

In thy shield—we give them up.

Take and build them, oh, our mother,

Round about thee like a wall!

And they answer—Wives and sweethearts,

God be with you, if we fall!

MY DARLINGS.

When steps are hurrying homeward,

And night the world o'erspreads,

And I see at the open windows

* The shining of little heads,

I think of you, my darlings,

In your low and lonesome beds.

And when the latch is lifted,

And I hear the voices glad,

I feel my arms more empty,

My heart more widely sad,

For we measure dearth of blessings

By the blessings we have had.

But sometimes in sweet visions

My faith to sight expands,

And, with my babes in His bosom

My Lord before me stands,

And I feel on my head, bowed lowly,

The touches of little hands.

The pain is lost in patience,

And tears no longer flow;

They are only dead to the sorrow

And sin of life, I know;

For, if they were not immortal,

My love would make them so.

HINTS.

The flower I see, I do not see,

Unless within my mind

Are airy flowers of poesy,

Waiting to be defined.

The words of wisdom unto me

As foolishness appear,

Unless that I, unconsciously,

Am wise before I hear.

The minstrel's sweetest melodies

All vainly, vainly ring,

Unless he practises the tunes

Which I in silence sing

Beauty is not quite beautiful

Even in the fairest face,

Unless it be the interpreter

Of spiritual grace.

Whatever things are best, imply

Something themselves above;

If love could speak its tenderness

It were no longer love.

All hopes, all dreams, all soft delights,

Would perish at their birth,

But that we know them to be hints

Of joys beyond the earth.

She Fell Asleep.

Like babe upon its mother's lap

She on her bed of sickness lay;

As if to her no ill could hap,

She gently let Death have his way.

I never saw so calm a frame

In one the crisis failed to blind,

And thought, "Or Death is but a name,

Or he hath left his darts behind."

Faith seemed her rival sight to bring,

That she might view the scene, and see

How just her boast—"Where is thy sting—

Oh, grave! where is thy victory?"

Lizzie Greene.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

Lizzie Greene is no creation of my fancy, but an intelligent, noble hearted New England girl—my friend. At mention of her name, my memory unrolls a bright, long panorama of pleasant pictures, of which one limited article would scarce allow you, my readers, a glimpse. Among the first are many sweet rural scenes you would love to linger over. Little girls, ranging over orchard and meadow, occasionally loitering for hours by the side of the broad, blue river, to skip the flat stones, or watch the circling vibrations from some heavy boulder they have with difficulty cast into the stream. Then again you would see those same little girls swinging under the crooked limbed old apple-tree, or enjoying to the utmost of their capacity a ride upon the river in the boat of some indulgent friend. Lizzie's early home was a very pleasant island farm. The bridge alone separated it from the village where I lived, and some of my brightest holidays were spent with her and our sisters, in her father's barn, orchard or meadow, or in our favorite haunts by the river. I find it very pleasant to recall those sunny holidays, when we were so merry and so wholly free in our roamings. Scarcely less delightful are the very many remembrances of our youthful intercourse, when cloudy skies confined us within doors, or duty held us to the school-house or grounds.

But I must not linger over these bright, crowding recollections, for our life-paths have somewhat diverged since the days when we played the same games and conned the same lessons, though our friendship has never known a jar of discord. Sometimes for months together we have not met, and when we have again clasped hands, there has been more than childish heart-warmth in our glad grasps.

We have been content that it should be so, because we so fully realized that in doing those duties which were nearest, we might best fit our souls for that blessed freedom, when, bursting beyond the domain of weakness and pain, they shall so expand that they shall recognize in their glad depths ample room for all the old and cherished ties which were crowded aside unmarred by later heart-claims, as well as for these later loves, and for the infinite number of holy friendships we hope to form among the "just made perfect" who passed away before our time.

Lizzie was the eldest of three daughters.

Her mother, a thrifty, stirring housewife, was wont to depend upon Lizzie for the care of her younger sisters when she was but a little child herself. As she grew older, she was called on to take many a step to lighten her mother's labor. Then, as the years rolled on, Hattie, her next younger sister, was called on to assist in household duties, but in some way it happened that no passing years brought duties to Milly, the youngest of the sisters. She was her father's pet and plaything, and many a prank of hers was laughed over which would have met severe reproof had it been charged to either of her sisters when they were of the same age. Mrs. Greene was quite as indulgent to Milly as was her husband, and thus she was growing up a wilful and spoiled child. She was no favorite at school, and many were the amusements of which Lizzie and Hattie were deprived, because they could not go without Milly, and she was so frequent a marplot, that she met few welcomes except when she chanced to be in a gracious mood, and then she was very winning.

Even in those childish days, Lizzie's self-denying love for, and patience with her petulant sister, were beautiful. How sadly she would look, when some one of her companions would exclaim—

"Take her home, if she will be so hateful!"

And how very patiently she would coax and soothe, or sometimes hire the wilful, naughty child, with her carefully stored childish treasures. Lizzie little realized how those hours of annoyance were maturing and strengthening her better nature. Neither did her young companions then analyze the respect they felt for Lizzie, nor did they know why they so often stopped to wait for both when they had threatened to leave them, if Lizzie would not come and let her sister stay alone to come to her senses.

Thus their childhood passed, the two elder, fast coming forwards into earnest, self-reliant maidenhood, the youngest still petulant and sullen, if everything was not arranged according to her sometimes most unreasonable wishes. If Lizzie or Hattie ventured to refuse to yield to her, her triumphant—"I'll tell Pa, and you will wish you had!" usually brought them to her terms.

The time for Lizzie to leave school came. Our class had almost unanimously resolved to become teachers. We had each encouraged the bright day dreams of future usefulness in the hearts of our companions, and had our own enthusiastic plans for a good influence over

the rising generation, strengthened by such intercourse. Lizzie was eager to begin the good work she was confident she could do. None could have a fairer prospect of usefulness in her chosen field of action than herself, for to her excellent scholarship was added the patience and tact in managing refractory urchins, that Milly had involuntarily taught her. Lizzie was very successful as a teacher. Parents and pupils were pleased, and she knew that she could easily find pleasant employment for the summer seasons; but it was the custom in most schools to retain the services of gentlemen for the winter terms, and thus young girls, who had no homes where they could be supported during two-thirds of the year, were mostly excluded from the vocation.

Lizzie's father was now a poor man. Two or three years before he had removed from the pleasant island home which was so endeared to himself and family, and at present they occupied a little cottage at the extreme opposite end of the village, of which he had a deed, though it was mortgaged for nearly its value. He was now trying to pay off this mortgage, but progressed very slowly, as his daily wages were scarcely more than sufficient for the support of his family. Lizzie knew this, and her independent spirit made her scorn to increase her father's toil. It must have cost her some sad hours to relinquish all those bright dreams of usefulness as a teacher, but the decision was bravely made, and very soon her cheerful face was seen day after day in the sewing-room of Miss L——, our fashionable dress-maker. The same quickness of apprehension which had made her among the first at school, helped her now, and ere long the nicest and most difficult pieces of work were entrusted to her skilful fingers.

When she had finished her trade, she preferred going from house to house, by the day, to the routine and companionship of shop life. She found no difficulty in getting all the work she wanted, with better, as well as more constant wages than she could have commanded as a teacher of public schools. She did not give up mental culture as she sought manual skill. After her hours of toil, came time each evening for reading. Among her patrons were several wealthy and intelligent ladies, who appreciated Lizzie, and not only gave her access to their libraries, but found pleasure in conversing with her of their reading and observation.

But a cloud came over her home. Her

mother died, and her father and sisters, looking to her for comfort under the heavy trial, she thrust her own deep grief into the depths of her heart, as she sought to make their home a cheerful one once more. She could not resume her daily labor, for her mother's cares fell on her, as she insisted that Hattie should attend school another year. Three days in each week she devoted to home cares, while the remaining three she plied her needle as before.

Thus a year passed. At its close their father also laid aside life with its burdens, and the three sisters were left alone in the world. Lizzie determined that Hattie, who was now competent to teach, should have an opportunity to realize her own early dreams as a teacher, and that she might do so, she resolved to keep a home ready to welcome her, till she should win permanent employment. Their cottage was only partly paid for, but with her strong will she thought she could compass the remainder, as well as support herself and Milly, and assist Hattie. She resumed her sewing for six days in the week, attending to their light household duties, and their own sewing, morning and evening, when Hattie was away, and the petted Milly did not choose to assist her. After a couple of summers of teaching, Hattie found pleasant employment in a school where they were glad to retain her the year round, except quarterly vacations. Lizzie rejoiced, and her friends with her, for, though she had worked constantly, she had as yet made slow progress in paying that mortgage.

But a heavier call than ever was now made upon her purse; the wilful Milly unquestionably had a decided artistic talent. How proud Lizzie was of the pictures she had executed under the eye of her village teacher; but Milly was not satisfied. Nobody in this little town knew anything, she was constantly ready to assert, as she urged her petition to be sent to a School of Design in Boston. Poor Lizzie's heart plead warmly for the indulgence of her pet, but it would cost so much! Board, tuition, extra clothing—could she earn it all? It was no wonder she hesitated before assuming the heavy burden, for balancing her warlike heart, Lizzie had a prudent head. She thought of the risk of illness for herself, or either of her sisters; but she would not allow herself to dwell upon any objections. Milly would never be good for anything if her talents could not be cultivated, she was sure, therefore she would not listen to those who told her that the

spoiled child, whose pictures they had no eye to appreciate, would never have patience to accomplish anything if she had ever so much skill. Lizzie knew that Milly had been patient upon those pictures as upon nothing else, and she had sufficient faith in her talent to determine to try her for a half year. Milly, probably for the first time in her life, did not take the indulgence as a matter of course, and her expressions of gratitude gladdened and strengthened Lizzie's loving heart, as with busy, skilful fingers she completed the necessary outfit. The young girl's heart was softened too, so that, as she half idled over the sewing she could not take an interest in, she listened with unusual deference to her sister's counsel, and determined that she would improve the time of her absence. A little homesickness at being for the first time domesticated with those who did not acknowledge her as a superior, and the kind letters of her sisters deepened the good impression, so that Lizzie was gladdened by the earnest tone of her letters, which showed her wish to improve.

Lizzie rented the cottage for the half year, and took lodgings with a friend, but when vacation time came, she re-opened it to welcome her sisters, and so strong was her love of home that in the following years, when her sisters could only be with her at intervals, she kept her house in order, and spent her Sabbaths there usually. When Lizzie saw how rapidly Milly had improved during her six months' absence, she could not think of depriving her of farther means of improvement. Pride in her young sister's talents was now added to the unconscious deference which had been a habit from childhood, and she very readily promised her that she would help her fit herself to teach her favorite art.

But let us hasten forward to that romance of Lizzie's life which has brought her name frequently into drawing-rooms. More than one of her lady patrons like to tell their friends the story of this devoted sister, for they recognize her as a real heroine.

It was near the close of Milly's first year in Boston that Lizzie met with James B——. Mutual admiration and respect were soon followed by love. Now came the May-time of Lizzie's life. The blossoms of hope were thick on every side, while it was a constantly present delight to live in the sunshine of this new love. It was a joy to see and sympathize in Lizzie's happiness. She had always been cheerful, sometimes merry; but now her

whole nature was quickened into activity, as it rapidly expanded beneath the genial influence of this new passion. I well remember meeting Lizzie and her lover one sunny Sabbath morning, as we all walked to our different places of worship. They were upon the opposite side of the street, and I called the attention of my husband to Lizzie's face as a bright illustration of the fact that joy is a great beautifier. I never saw her look so beautiful before, for upon every lineament of her fair face happiness had set its seal.

This was the last time I ever saw Lizzie and James together, and ere long I noticed a shade of anxiety on her brow, but she was not one to seek human sympathy in the hour of trial. Her fancy had invested her lover with every noble, manly quality, but only too soon for her happiness she found that he could never realize her high ideal. After their engagement, she was eager to learn of his relatives, for she was ready to love them warmly for his sake, even as she expected he would esteem her precious sisters, because they were so dear to her. James Bond was a selfish man; his parents, brothers and sisters were good enough, he supposed, probably a little better because they were related to him, but he had very little filial or fraternal affection. At first he felt somewhat flattered by Lizzie's earnest inquiries concerning his family, but when she spoke of her sisters as claimants for his affection, he could not conceal his impatience. He talked to Lizzie of his love for her, assuring her that she was all the world to him. Was it wonderful that his passionate declarations of love did not give her the satisfaction they had done, before she suspected the heart she occupied was a small one? She knew that she did not love her sisters less, because she loved him more. She might have told him what strength and swiftness in toil her inspiring love for him had already given her, but she neither saw herself or him as they were. She could not tear her idol down, and so she blamed herself after meeting him, assuring herself that he must have misunderstood her, else he never would have said the words which wounded her so keenly. She did not wish him to marry the family, nor had she any thought of joining with her sisters in forming an interest opposed to his. The idea of opposition to his interest was preposterous to her, but surely she might assist Milly before her marriage, without offending him, and they could very well delay their union till Milly should have completed her desired course of

instruction. James did not agree with her; however; ere long he began to urge her to name an early wedding day, and then they came to an understanding. Lizzie's promise was sacred to her. She was yielding as wax where only her own happiness was concerned, but firm as a rock when another's depended on her decision. She had promised to assist her sister, and Milly depended on her promise. It was all in vain that James urged that Milly was quite old enough now to depend upon her own exertions. He could see no reason in Lizzie's doing so much more for her sisters than had been done for her; at all events, if she loved him she would prefer him to sisters, and he might as well teach her to begin with, that he did not want a wife who would set up her will in opposition to his. Acting upon some such thought, he one evening told her that she might take her choice, give up all thought of doing more for her sisters, unless they should be sick, in which case he would not wish her to see them need her help, and hasten her preparations for their marriage, or cancel her engagement with him. At first she could not believe him in earnest, but, when she saw that he meant all he said, her maidenly pride came to her aid, and she almost calmly told him that if he had no deeper love for her than his words implied, it was far better that they should separate now. She had told him her wishes and her plans, but she had not yet given him power to thwart them all. Her spirited response surprised him very much, and he answered harshly, more harshly than he meant, so that neither cared to prolong the interview. They parted sadly, he saying, as he left:—

"If you should alter your decision, Lizzie, with any reasonable time, I shall be glad to forget all this trouble."

Lizzie watched him as he very slowly walked away. Impulse bade her call him back, and promise anything he might ask, rather than lose the love which had become a necessity to her; but thoughts of Milly kept her silent. She went to her room to lay this new trial before her Almighty Father, and gain strength to bear it in His infinite sympathy and love. It was a bitter, bitter hour, but the strength she sought came to her. Her heart found excuses for James in his early experience, but she knew that his love was not for her, for there could never be that sympathy between them which was necessary to her ideal of marriage. Henceforth her Saviour should be to her lover and friend, and from

Him would she gain strength to increase the happiness of all about her.

It was a great help to her, that her sisters were coming home soon, for she made preparations to welcome them with her accustomed zest, while she determined that not even her sisters should know how heavy a trial had been appointed unto her. They came, and she exerted herself to make their visit a pleasant one, with her usual care refitting Milly's wardrobe. A year later, Hattie took one of our village schools, where she could have employment through the year, and board with Lizzie. Then Milly graduated, and, through the influence of her teachers, received an excellent offer of a situation as teacher of her art in a Southern Seminary. Here was the glad fruition of Lizzie's labor! No one would dare call Milly good for nothing now; how lady-like she had become during these later years! Lizzie was proud of her, as well she might be, and no kingly palace has more highly prized decorations than now adorn the walls of their cottage.

Very pleasant was the intercourse of the sisters as they chatted and sewed. Milly was full of hopefulness; the salary which had been offered her, seemed very large to her, for she had been little accustomed to seeing money aggregated except in the much smaller sums which had been made so profitable in her sister's household economy. They would not need to pinch the next time they fitted her out, she said, and she was ready to promise a deal of assistance towards paying the mortgage. Lizzie was not sanguine in her expectations of help from Milly, for she knew too well that ways to spend a much larger salary would not require seeking, and she knew also that it was not in the nature of her petted sister to deny herself any present pleasure, when she had the means of gratifying herself in her power; but it was a great deal towards her profit that Milly should support herself. Now she was free to work towards paying for the house, and, Hattie assisting her, they soon had the satisfaction of knowing that their home was entirely their own. There came frequent, pleasant, chatty letters from Milly in her sunny home. Lizzie and Hattie rejoiced and heartily sympathized in her happiness, and were very contented with their own way of life. A few choice friends loved and appreciated them, and were frequently welcomed to their home of an evening, while they were universally respected. Sometimes a fellow teacher of Hattie's boarded with them, but the

great events of their lives were Milly's summer visits. When her holidays came, she hastened home to rest, be petted, and make her sisters very happy, by simply being happy herself.

Three years ago, there was an unusual stir in the little cottage as the time for Milly's arrival approached, for she had written them enthusiastic accounts of the brother she was going to bring them, and the dear little nephew and niece who would claim their love. Ah, how joyously Lizzie and Hattie welcomed them all. They were very much pleased with Milly's husband, and he has since been as a kind brother to them, while Clarence and Minnie, the sweet children a first wife left to him, are like sunbeams in their home. Lizzie was gratified when Mr. D——, having employment offered him, decided to make our village his permanent home. Of course, they could not think of forming two families, for Lizzie's ready tact at management and skill in all handiwork made her, and Hattie too, quite as necessary to Milly's comfort as was her love and companionship to their happiness.

Now that they were so pleasantly established under one roof, and Lizzie had no need to work more than she should choose, the disease, from which she had, for a year or two, been trying to free herself, seized her most relentlessly. Days and nights of torturing neuralgic pain well nigh prostrated her; yet, in her hours of comparative ease, she sought the happiness of those about her, still retaining the care of the household, and trying to teach housewifery to Milly, who, though utterly incompetent to depend on herself now, wished to learn so earnestly, that she was an apt scholar.

I met Lizzie again one Sabbath-morning as we walked to church, about ten years after I had seen *happiness* so plainly marked upon her brow. A stranger would have been struck by her appearance—how much more was I, who knew how full of self-sacrifice her whole life had been. It was one of those golden October days, the holidays of the year, when all the air seems glorified. As she walked feebly, leaning upon the arm of her brother-in-law, upon the bright autumn leaves, while the reflected, golden sunlight flooded her pallid cheek and brow, her face struck me as a sweet and holy poem would have done. Instantaneously there flashed through my thoughts a brighter record of all her unselfishness and self-devotion, than could have been translated into earthly words. I felt that now, as in the

time of our Saviour, there are two classes in the world—shading into each other it is true, meeting, mingling, and even thrown by circumstances each partly in the place of the other, yet two classes still—the one, ever self-denying, anxious to do for others and happy in all such labor—the other, willing to be served, and naturally expecting more of service than it gives. Seeing, in Lizzie's pale, bright face, that now as then *the blessing falls upon those who minister*, I needed no sermon to make that day's memory sacred to me. I no longer read there of mere earthly happiness, but of a far better than that—Peace, "that peace which the world neither giveth or taketh away."

I called upon Lizzie soon after, and urged her to leave all care to her sisters, and devote her time to getting well. She was very cheerful, and had a deal of confidence in the physician whom she had called, but as for dropping all care, it was simply impossible for her at present. Milly, whom we must now call Mrs. D——, was very lady-like still, and better than that, she had grown womanly, good and lovable. She was anxious about Lizzie, and now regretted her inefficiency in practical affairs, since she could do so much less than she wished for her sister's comfort. I was, as ever, delighted with the children, who were very intelligent and sprightly. Little blue-eyed Minnie was like a little fairy, very delicate and precocious, but Lizzie was sure that cold water and our northern clime would make her as strong and vigorous as her black-eyed brother.

Lizzie had not, as I feared, accomplished her work on earth. During that winter she suffered very much, but with the returning spring came the health and strength which she had learned to prize at their true value.

Now, if I were writing a fancy sketch, I should bring forward a noble looking man, and after endowing him with all manly graces, permit him to wed my heroine. Lizzie's strong affections and domestic tastes would make her a very happy wife, while none who have seen how cheerfully and faithfully she has performed every duty to others, can doubt but that she would be the joy and pride of a worthy husband. However, I suspect that said noble young man has gone to the war, without recognizing the opportunity for increasing the happiness of two, and if he never should return, as he certainly is not particularly expected, Lizzie's happiness is safe. The memory of the love of her youth is precious to

her, and she rejoiced that it enlarged her power of sympathizing with others.

About a year ago she pronounced her pet sister, Mrs. D——, competent to keep house, and since that time she and Hattie have been the boarders, while Mrs. D—— has presided with matronly grace and dignity over their happy household, which is already so large that they have seen fit to rent the cottage, and hire a large and pleasant dwelling upon the same street. Mrs. D—— has a little son of her own, of which Lizzie assumes a deal of care, thinking that she loves it just as well as she could if it were her own; while the other two children are perfectly careless as to asking a favor, whether it be of mother or auntie Lizzie, as they find both alike indulgent.

Pages from a Pleasant Book.

The freshest, raciest, pleasantest book of the season is "Country Living and Country Thinking," by Gail Hamilton, from which we made an extract in the December number. We now offer our readers a few more pages, and advise them to buy the volume. It is from the press of Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and is of faultless typography.

MY BIRDS.

Strictly speaking, I haven't any,—only an old cage thrust away up garret under the eaves,—nor, in fact, do I want any. Do not, however, for a moment suppose that I indulge in a sentimental compassion for caged birds, for I don't. I consider such a thing entirely uncalled for, and misplaced. I have no doubt that a canary-bird, with a cup of seed and a glass of water, finds every aspiration of his soul satisfied. A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. He was born and bred in a cage, and, so far from being discontented with a restraint of which he is not conscious, freedom would bewilder him and bring him to grief. But, though I do not take into account the bird's feelings, I do mind my own; and a prisoned bird always gives me a cramped, asthmatic sensation, if I know what cramp and asthma are, which I don't.

My birds, the birds that furnish my right to that possessive pronoun, are the little darlings which this moment brighten the cold, damp, clammy spring earth with their flutter and chirp and song,—little, happy-hearted,

hollow-boned braves, who dare untimely frosts, and the whirling snow-wreaths which winter, forced to leave, flings spitefully behind him,—daring the long, cold, dismal rains which chill to the heart this sweet May month,—merry messengers of the storm-king, bearing the olive-leaf of peace; twittering prophecies of summer; tender little bars struck off from the music of the spheres; faint, sweet echoes, in their wooing and winning, their prudence and painstaking, their tender protection and assiduous provision, of the strong, careful, passionate, loving humanity that swells and surges beneath them.

I love birds; I do not mind if it is nothing but a hawk or a crow, or a sooty little chimney-swallow. I even like chickens till they become hens and human. I cannot look with indifference upon turkeys standing out forlorn in the rain, too senseless to think of going in for shelter, and so taking it helplessly, with rounded backs, drooping heads, dripping feathers, and long, bare, red, miserable legs, quite too wretched to be ridiculous. I dote on goslings,—little soft, yellow, downy, awkward things, waddling around with the utmost self-complacency, landing on their backs every third step, and kicking spasmodically till they are set right side up with care, when they resume their waddle and their self-complacency as if nothing in the world had happened. The only fault one can find with them is, that they will grow up; and goslings grown up are nothing but geese, with their *naïveté* degenerated into stupidity, their awkwardness crystallized into vulgarity, and their tempers unspeakably bad. But the little birds that sing to me from the apple-trees, and hop about on the sunny southern slope, are not of these. Purer blood runs through finer veins. Golden robins, a fiery flash of splendor, gleam in the long grass, and put the dandelions to shame. There are magnificent bluebirds, with their pale, unwinking intensity of color; and homely little redbreasts, which we all called robins when we were young, and invested with the sanctity of that sweet, ancestral pity which has given them a name in our memory and a place in our hearts, till somebody must needs flare up, and proclaim that they are nothing but thrushes! As if this world were in a general way such an Elysium that people can afford to make themselves unnecessarily disagreeable. If there is any one thing more than another that is an unmitigated abomination and bore, it is those persons who are always

setting you right; who find their delight in pricking your little silk balloons of illusion with their detestable pins of facts; who are always bringing their statistics to bear upon your enthusiasms; who go round with a yardstick and a quart-measure to give you the cubic contents of your rapture, demonstrating to a logical certainty that you need not have been rapt at all; proving by the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid that spirits disembodied cannot have any influence upon spirits embodied; setting up that there isn't any Maelstrom and never was,—that the Aurora Borealis is a common cloud reflecting the sunlight, and turning the terrible ocean-waves that ran mountain-high when you were a child into pitiful horse-pond shivers, never mounting above the tens. For my part, I don't believe a word of it. I believe the equatorial line cuts through Africa like a darning-needle, that the Atlantic waves would drown the Himalayas if they could get at them, that eclipses are caused by the beast which Orion is hunting trying to gulp down the moon, and I should not wonder if the earth was supported on the back of a great turtle, which hypothesis has at least the advantage of explaining satisfactorily why it is that we all travel heavenward at such a snail's pace, and finds in a sympathetic and involuntary attraction the aldermanic weakness for turtle-soup. When one has been born and brought up in an innocent belief, one does not like to have it disturbed on slight grounds; and people who have an insane proclivity to propagandism would do well to go to heathendom, where they will find ample room and verge enough in overthrowing mischievous opinions. But no punishment is too severe for him who roots up a thrill, and plants in its place only a fact. Suppose it is a fact, what then? Facts are not necessarily truth. Facts are often local, incidental, deceptive. But a thrill is the quiver of the boundless, fathomless life that underlies humanity,—a sign and a symbol of that infinite from which we sprang, and towards which, perforce, we tend. Come then, my robin redbreast! Never shall my hand rise sacrilegious to wrest from you heraldic honors. Always shall you wear an aureole of that golden light that glimmers down the ages, the one bright spot in a dark and deathful wood. Always shall you sing to me angels' songs, of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

So they hop through the May mornings' shade and sun, robins, and bluebirds, and

dingy little sparrows as thick as blackberries, at once wild and tame, familiar yet shy, tripping, fluttering, snatching their tiny breakfasts, cocking their saucy heads as if listening to some far-off strain, then, moved by a sudden impulse, hopping along again in a fork-lightning kind of way, and again coming to a capricious full stop and silence, with momentary interludes of short, quick, silvery jerks of head and tail. And, as they sit and sing,—as I watch their ceaseless business, their social twittering, their energetic, heart-whole melody, their sudden flights, their graceful sweeps, and agile darts,—I recognize the Pauline title-deeds, and, having nothing, yet possessing all things, I say in deed and in truth, "My birds."

THE CROOKEDNESS OF BOSTON.

No city has any moral right to be as crooked as Boston. It is a crookedness without excuse, and without palliation. It is crooked in cold blood, and with malice aforethought. It goes askew when it might just as easily go straight. It is illogical, inconsequent, and incoherent. Nowhere leads to anywhere in particular. You start from any given point, and you are just as likely to come out at one place as another. Of course, all this can but have an effect on the inhabitants. Straight-forwardness becomes impossible where you are continually pitching up against sharp points. People born and bred in angles, and blind alleys, and cross-ways, cannot fail to have a knack at tergiversation and intrigue. Diplomats should be chosen from Boston, or should at least take a preparatory course of five years there, as soldiers do at West Point.

The number of the streets is amazing. The Bostonians seem to have a perfect frenzy for them. If they can squeeze in a six-foot passage between two houses, they are happy. Half a dozen stairs and a brick platform is an avenue and an elysium. They build their houses in the shape of a letter V, with the point sticking out in front, apparently for no other reason than the exquisite satisfaction of having a street pass up each side; and they make their streets crooked to look at, and then make alleys to get there. Washington street, the principal thoroughfare,

"Like a wounded snake drags its slow length along." I have heard that it was originated by cows, meandering down to drink. This hypothesis may answer in the one case, but it won't apply to the smaller streets, for a cow could not make so acute angles if she tried. Owing to

That the crookedness of Boston is not external only, but strikes in, there is abundant proof. You go into a shop,—Kinmonth's, for instance. You founder at once in a raging sea of agitated silks and laces and feathers. Appalled, you turn to Turnbull's, next door. Another sea, but something must be done. You want sixpence worth of galloon. At home, in your own little "cheap cash store," you could get it, and be gone, in two minutes; but the female population of the rural districts has a mortal aversion to buying anything at home that can be bought in Boston. The grandeur of the metropolis seems to cling around whatever radiates from it into the country, even though it be only a paper of pins. So, feeling very tall, and awkward, and conspicuous, you timidly ask the first clerk to whom you gain access for galloon. "Back part of the store," says he, briskly, and turns to the next comer. You color away up to your hair, and down under your collar, feeling guilty and ashamed, and very rustie,—as if you ought to have known, by instinct or education, that galloon is never to be found in the front ranks. You flounder through the press into the back part of the store, and repeat your request with as much *au fait* as you can assume. "Back part of the store," jerks clerk No. 2, and is off in a twinkling, and there you are, stranded high and dry. It turns out that what you thought was the back part of the store, is only the beginning of another room at right angles with the first,—and so you go on, and the rooms go on. You are shot up by some pop-gun of a clerk from counter to counter, from room to room, fondly thinking every one to be the last, but finding in the backest part a backer part,—(*vide* Milton),—ill, after making half a dozen angles of in-

vidence and reflection, you get your galloon, and—there is the door close by you! Is Turnbull's, then, built circularly? Have you circumnavigated it till, as the old geographies used to say, you have arrived at the point from which you started, in an opposite direction? In your bewilderment, this is not difficult to believe, and you depart, but everything without is changed. The din seems hushed, or far off. The tide of drays and omnibuses has ebbed. You remember that Kinmonth's was next door,—yes, there is Kinmonth's, but no longer next door; it has stepped across the street and stands opposite, and the big sign has dwindled into a little one. Terror-struck, you strike out at random, fearful lest the Merlin, or Math, or Michael Scott, who roams in Boston, stretch forth his wand again; sign, shop, and city disappear before your eyes, and you find yourself wandering among the forests and wigwags of Shawmut.

Boston, moreover, has a way of contracting and expanding herself that is marvellous in country eyes. You shall, for instance, be in search of Number Thirty-three. Passing up the street, reading eagerly every sign, you count "twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine,"—and then there is a sudden leap over to thirty-eight! What now? You look again, fancying you must have made a mistake. No, this door is certainly twenty-nine, and the next is certainly thirty-eight, if you can read Arabic characters. Eight houses, therefore, must be squeezed into one brick partition-wall. You think of microscopes. You wonder if the houses are to be pulled out one after another, as Mr. Hermann *prestidigitates* twenty apples and fifty tin cups out of one empty old hat. Presently, you summon courage to go into a neighboring shop, and request to be enlightened. They inform you that the missing numbers are attached to the doors of rooms inside. A most extraordinary circumstance! It is generally supposed that a house means a house. In Boston, however, it appears to mean only a room. Number Ten does not necessarily indicate the tenth house on the street. You must fumble through the dark passages and over the strange staircases within before you can be sure that it does not point out the tenth room. If we should go and do likewise in the country, numbering and labelling every barn, corn-barn, cider-press, pig-sty, dog-kennel, hen-coop, and dove-cot, we should have quite a little settlement at every homestead.

The result of it all is, that you never know how much ground you have been over, nor where you ought to stop. You make your way to the dry-goods desk in a shop, and ask for poplins, overhaul them all, find nothing to suit, and go on till you come to another shop, and by a similar process are passed up to a similar desk, and repeat your meek inquiry. "You looked at all our poplins a few moments ago," says the clerk, politely. You lift your eyes quickly to his face. Yes, it is the same man and the same place that you went to before,—and then do you not feel amiable? Yet you have been a Sabbath day's journey since then. How in the world, then, came you back again? Because these wary merchants open doors and send out feelers in all directions, and there is nothing for a poor, silly little fly like you to do but walk into their parlors whichever way you turn.

But Boston, though crooked and inexplicable, is not without her charms. "God made the country and man made the town," as a general fact. But there is a good deal in Boston that man never made and never will.

ANEMONES.

The anemones have passed into my heart forever. Their reign was short, but they bloomed in beautiful profusion. Almost before I thought of looking for them, I found a clump two feet in diameter on the edge of a swamp where I least expected to find any. I don't suppose a soul had seen them but myself,—a soul in a mortal body, I mean,—for I dare say many of the shining ones had looked upon it, and lent perhaps some ray of whiteness to its pure garments; but there in their sheltered nook, unseen, unknown, they revelled in sunny, exuberant life, every petal springing back with joyous eagerness. It seemed as if they gladdened at sight of me,—as if they wanted mortal eyes to be refreshed with a glimpse of their overflowing happiness; and the breath of the soft morning—a June morning dropped into the stormy lap of March—that gently swayed their pliant stems, seemed to intone a song of peace on earth, good-will toward men. I think they are very human. Perhaps it is because we associate them with those

"Who in their youthful beauty died."

Gazing upon their exquisite tracery, we see once more the blue-veined loveliness that grew so deep into our hearts, but vanished from our aching eyes long ago,—the first little baby-daughter, who learned only in heaven how

dear she was on earth; the sister who fell asleep while the dew of life was yet fresh on her brow; the young wife who glided out of the arms, strong but utterly powerless, that would have held her forever; the young mother who could have found her angel-garments scarcely whiter than the robes of her sacred motherhood;—so, with tear-dimmed eyes, we press the anemones to our white lips, and bless the memories, sad, yet passing sweet, which they awaken. There is a pain which is better and higher and holier than pleasure.

THE NOSEGAY.

O that the old English nosegay might be reinstated in its ancient dignity, and the stiff, foreign, unmeaning, wrong-meaning, cut-and-dried bouquet ousted from the throne where its presence is a perpetual usurpation! It never will be naturalized, and never is natural. We don't know how to pronounce it; we don't know how to spell it; and if any of us do happen to know, the printer doesn't, and he goes straightway and spells it wrong. Let us have the nosegay, brimful of rich old meanings, replete with associations; and reserve the foreign word for the only thing which it fits,—namely, the round, stiff, hard, close-clipped, tightly-squeezed horror that comes from the hand of professional hothouse men,—solid enough to knock you down, if fired with sufficient force, and so ugly that you are divided between pity for the poor little things forced into such unnatural contiguity,—divested of the green which relieved their brilliancy from the charge of gaudiness, and laced into a hideous regularity,—and wrath against the man who has so misused his eyes and hands as not to be able to construct any better imitation of the viny, sprayey, feathery, airy, slender, pendulous lightness, winsomeness, and grace of nature than that artificial knob. Call that a bouquet, and with merciful hands rend off its swaddling-clothes, tone down its rainbow hues with all tints of green, from the pale tenderness that springs up on the sunny, sheltered side of the wood, to the deep luxuriance that lurks in its unsunned and unstirred heart, and make of it twenty nosegays, whose colors shall delight, and whose odors shall intoxicate.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Do not affect a motive in love. It is not a question of motive, but of fact. I have no faith in marrying to do good. The end does not sanctify the means. If you do all the good you can with your own individuality, I

do not believe God will hold you responsible for anything more. Nor, in my opinion, does the respectability of the sinner diminish the enormity of the sin. I have known missionaries, excellent men, bury their poor wives in Hindoo jungles, and return to America to replace them, just as madam sends for a China teacup to replace the one broken by a careless servant. Men and women combine with Nature to abhor a vacuum, and the missionary's loss is often far more easily made up than madam the housekeeper's. Mysterious wheels, wires, and pulleys are set in motion by a clique of mothers in Israel behind the scenes, the result of which is, that some unoffending, benevolent, and practical Miss Brown finds herself suddenly precipitated, *volens volens*, (generally *volens*), into the arms of the good missionary;—he congratulating himself on the success of his business transaction; she consoling herself that she has gained an excellent husband, and done God service, thereby killing two birds with one stone; and the mothers aforesaid rejoicing in their skilful matrimonial diplomacy. Now I affirm that it is a miserable business the whole of it. It may be good manœuvring, where all manœuvring is out of place. It is an unholy traffic, though all the traffickers be members of an orthodox church in good and regular standing. It is transferring to the head what comes under the jurisdiction of the heart. The parties concerned may "live happily ever after," but they have no right to expect it. Of course, if a woman marries a missionary because she loves him, even though her love sprang up on his first Transatlantic appearance as a widower, and goes to Boorioboola Gha with him, because she would rather do it than stay at home without him, there is not the slightest objection; she is quite right; only let her say so honestly, if she feel called upon to say anything. But when she explains her marriage by enlarging on her sense of duty, the poor little children who stand in such pressing need of a mother's care, the heathen who are perishing for lack of knowledge, why then, I say, if these really are her motives, she is wrong,—just as truly, though not perhaps as greatly, wrong as she who follows the glitter of gold. Let her take a lesson from Jane Eyre and St. John, since she has failed to learn it from her Bible. If the claims of the heathen urge her so irresistibly, let her go to them untrammelled. The cause of God is not so desperate that it needs to be propped up by a falsehood.

Nor do I believe in marrying because, as I have frequently heard alleged, a woman's nature is such that she "must love somebody." In the first place, the implied fact is a convenient little fiction. There is no sort of necessity for your "loving somebody." It may be very pleasant to do so; but it is not immediately fatal. Even if it were, never mind. Remember Pompey's sublime words, "It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live." Death comes to all, and the world does not need your bodily presence so much as it needs your moral heroism. If you die rather than live falsely, you will enrich it by one great example. Moreover, granting that you "must love somebody," does it inevitably follow that you "must love" a grown man in possession of a respectable yearly income? Look abroad at the orphans, thousands upon thousands, fatherless, motherless, to whom your love would be as the dew of Hermon. Christ's little ones are all around you,—the ignorant, the uncared-for, the outcast. Lavish on them your irrepressible affection. The sunshine of love might melt the ice in which their better nature is incrustated, and warm into healthy, vigorous growth the wasting germ of many a virtue. The idea, girls, the *idea* of sacrificing your whole life to a so-so sort of person, for the sake of having "somebody to love," in a world so full of children that the most excruciating hand-organ will in two minutes block up the sidewalk in any portion of any city with admiring throngs of whiteheaded urchins!

To marry for a home or for happiness is little better. A home purchased by the sale of yourself is a dear bargain, and happiness is the most uncertain shadow you can pursue. It is incidental. It comes upon us unexpectedly; but if we set out determinately and definitely in pursuit of it, it generally leads us into bogs and quagmires, and leaves us there.

If, instead of promising to love and honor in the future, custom enjoined a woman, on her marriage-day, solemnly to aver that she did at that moment love and honor, I verily believe there would be fewer mock unions. I think it would be safer to let the future build itself, taking care to secure in the present a firm foundation, than to take the foundation for granted, and proceed prematurely to the superstructure. Many women, conscientious, but vague, unaccustomed to make

distinctions, to know clearly the difference between one thing and another, after long hesitating and vacillating, do finally zigzag their way to church, and make the most tremendous promises, with a misty kind of belief that they shall be able to keep them when the indefinitely distant trial comes,—who, if the plain question were put to them point-blank, "Do you now love and honor this man?" could not find it in their hearts, and therefore not in their consciences, to say "Yes," and would thereby be saved from a lifetime of suffering, perhaps of sin. Yet, I have heard a Christian woman seriously advise her young friend to accept a marriage proposal, because she "would not be likely to do better. A superior woman must not expect to marry her superior." I have known a gentleman write, "I advise you, if an intelligent, truly Christian man, who really loves you, wants you to marry him, to do so." And a highly moral and religious community does not cease to warn contumacious maidens of the danger of "going through the woods and picking up a crooked stick at last."

There certainly are occasions on which, if you cannot do as you would, it is quite proper to do as you can. Nothing can equal a good sweet potato, yet you would be very foolish to throw away mashed Irish ones, because the frost has destroyed the more saccharine tuber. In default of mashed Irish, roasted will have no mean flavor. If the potato crop fails, "Boston brown bread," fresh from the oven, will enable you to bear the loss with philosophical resignation; and even boiled rice, the most unpretending of all edibles, is better than starvation. But a husband is not a potato, and if you select him on the same principle, be not surprised if you find him extremely indigestible.

"..... as the dove, to far Palmyra flying.

From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;"

(Perfectly right in the dove.)

"So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,—

Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,—
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends, and sips the nearest draught,"

and is refreshed and strengthened, just as the shipwrecked sailor is refreshed by the mocking salt sea-water, which he bears in frenzy to his fever-parched lips.

Do you now, seeing that I have dealt chiefly in negatives, ask me what shall be the token?

My dear child, how can I tell? By just as many girls' hearts as are throbbing this wide world over, by just so many ways will love enter in and take possession. Keep your eye single and your heart pure, and you will not fail to recognize the heavenly visitant. The molecule of oxygen roams lonely through the vast universe, yearning for its mate, and finding no rest, till of a sudden it meets the molecule of hydrogen in a quiet nook, when lo! a rush, an embrace, and there is no more either oxygen or hydrogen, but a diamond drop of dew sparkling on the white bosom of the lily. So, I suppose, will it be with you, when you meet your destiny. A flash, and it is all over. Your heart is gone, your power is gone; power over your blood, that plays mad pranks in your cheeks,—over your thoughts, that hover continually about one spot,—over your memories, that wake to music only one string,—over yourself, henceforth forevermore, to be held in solution by a stronger nature than your own. Unless your love comes upon you thus, like a strong man armed, do not believe in it. If you, in cold blood, give up your name, your independence, your individuality, for a consideration, whatever that consideration be, you will be a wife only in name. Priestly blessing cannot sanctify unholy contract. If you have parted with your birthright, what matter whether it was for a mess of pottage or a stalled ox?

I know, therefore, of no reason why a woman should marry, except because she cannot help it,—because "the spirit of life which dwelleth in the most secret chambers of the soul, all trembling, speaks these words: 'Behold a god more powerful than I.'"

If your love raises and exalts you, if it helps you on your heavenward way, if it brings you nearer to God, if it strengthens you to brave endurance, stimulates you to heroic action, and makes all greatness possible; if, in one word, it possesses itself of you, and sweeps you up and out from the finite to the infinite, as a wave bears seaward the strong swimmer, powerless,—you are safe,

If anything less than this satisfies you, if you content yourself with a feeble, sickly sentiment, that melts in the sun and breaks in the storm, your soul will surely suffer. An inferior nature may waken feeling enough to blind you for a little while. The cares and pleasures of a busy life may twine their rank growth so closely as to hide from you for a season the real barrenness of the soil beneath.

But from the one, twenty, forty years that lie before you, shall be born a day on which you will awake to know that you cannot give without receiving back full measure, life for life. And when your dream is dreamed out you will exclaim, more bitterly than the old dame of the ballad,—

"Yesterday I was the Lady of Linn,
And now I'm but John o' the Scales' wife."

Your demon of discontent, cast out for a while, will return, with seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and your last state shall be worse than your first.

Better, a thousand times better, go wandering all your life, than bring your household gods under an unworthy roof-tree.

There is, then, a way that seemeth good, but the end thereof are the ways of death. With this you have nothing to do.

But settle the point clearly. Know just where you stand. Have the boundary-lines accurately defined. Be able to give a reason for the hope and faith that are in you. Missing the crowning glory of womanhood, do not childishly depreciate it. Do not try to persuade yourself or others that you are at the utmost bound of the everlasting hills, quite in the promised land, when in fact you only see it through a glass darkly. Meet the fact boldly. Courage does not consist in feeling no fear, but in conquering fear. There is no heroism in marching blindfold through a thousand dangers. He is the hero who, seeing the lions on either side, goes straight on, because there his duty lies. Acknowledge to yourself, "I am not happy. I do not like my life. I must be capable of better things. I am uneasy, restless, discontented." Then, knowing exactly the state of your case, apply to yourself comfort and healing. Remember first that God reigns. Infinite power is wielded by infinite love. The fatherly eye that sees the sparrows as they fall, will not let you walk in a random path. Life is a chain of sequences. From the cradle to the grave—ay! and beyond it—stretch the series of cause and effect; and what thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.

A religious life is not a thing which sheds itself like a bright bubble on the river surface. It is rather like the river itself, which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

To Uriel, Regent of the Sun,

Angel of Poetry and Imagination.

BY MRS. ELIZA H. BARKER.

Seraph! who givest to earth
The joyous sunbeams, laughing on their way;
Uriel! whose silver wand the stars obey,
Since Morn and Eve, fair sisters, sprung to birth.

Lord of the Poet's Lyre!
Imagination! to his eager vision,
Thou givest the grandeur of the world's Elysian,
And his soul glows with thy ecstatic fire!

I bow before thy shrine—
Thou rulest my stars conjunction; thou hast cast
My Horoscope; thy captive, I at last
Submit my being to thy power divine—

I mount with wild delight,
Thy jewelled car, by winged coursers drawn,
More radiant than Apollo's, when the dawn,
Waked from her couch, first blushed upon his sight.

How vast thy wide domains!
Scarce choose I where to test, where all is fair.
Diospolis thy hundred gates are there,
Thy towering palaces and holy fanes—

The Parian domes of Greece,
The lofty turrets of Imperial Rome,
The pillared halls where Odin has his home,
Persepolis and Ninevah—in peace—

Tadmor, the Desert Queen,
Not with her ruined architraves o'erstrawn;
But fair and stately, in her perfect noon,
Her marble walls thro' graceful palms are seen.

Here Irene is unveiled,
Enchanted city, on the desert sands
Of Araby's drear Aden, mortal hands
Oped not thy golden gates, when Sheddad failed.

Chindara's warbling spring
Besomed in flowering shrubs and groves of balm,
Where the winds sigh in music, and the calm
Of Paradise doth stay the Bulbul's wing.

Oh! fairy world, I faint
With thy rich perfumes. Here Armida's Isle,
Garden of wonders, doth the eyes beguile,
As when the hermit sage and ancient saint,

With rod of power, and shield,
The diamond aleyne of undaunted truth,
Sent Godfrey's knights to free the prisoned youth
Who did his soul to witching beauty yield.

Uriel! thy potent wand,
With touch creative, conjures into birth
All shapes of Beauty that adorn this earth,
Grow into order 'neath thy plastic hand.

All—all—thou dost control—
Thou wearest the triune crown.
Jove, Terra, Neptune, totter at thy frown,
Thou throned monarch of the dreaming soul!

King of the veiled unseen,
Beings invisible thy laws obey,
Naiad and Dryad, and the beauteous Fay,
Titania, of all Fairyland the queen.

Of varied thought the king,
Whose hosts submission make thee, thou didst rule
With Iris sceptre, even old Plato's school;
The ages to thy feet their trophies bring.

Chessman—thou movest at will,
Kings, queens, knights, ladies, squires and bust-
ling wives,
Painter and bard, he who successful strives,
To sketch thy changing scenes with artist's skill.

Even in our sleep thy wand
Opes to us wonders of a spirit Realm.
Thy fingers take from our dim eyes the film,
And on its shores translated there we stand.

Lord of the Impassable—art thou
What others dare not, thou dost well achieve,
Thy combinations endless, and I grieve
Thou only givest the Bay-leaf to my brow.

Uriel, enchanter, give unto my soul,
(Destined on little earth awhile to dwell.)
A wand of changing power and silent spell—
Give me one realm ideal to control.

BEAVER, PA.

Song for Spring.

Spring, the fresh, the ever-smiling,
Blushing like a village maiden,
With her artless ways beguiling,
With her flowery treasures laden,
Cheers the sad—to the faint-hearted
Courage new and fresh hope giving;
Coming, like a friend departed,
Back again among the living;
Flora, hand in hand with Spring,
Makes our little cares take wing!

If some busy little fairy,
Taking me to her fair bower,
Fashioned out so light and airy,
Willed to change me to a flower,
I would crave the little lady,
'Neath some hedge-row snug to bide me—
In some corner cool and shady,
With the violet sweet beside me:
There, where merry thrushes sing,
I would welcome in the Spring!

Grandma's Conquest.

BY M'LE CAPRICE.

"I'm sorry I can't invite you to dinner, old fellow, because it is a sort of solemn observance—a sacred rite of inhospitality, nobody being allowed to be present but the family connection; but they will all be delighted to see you in the evening, and I have some charming cousins, I assure you."

"Yes; I was just about to ask if age was a necessary qualification for admission into your ancient circle. Have I ever seen your cousins, Ned, and are they likely to trouble me with their attentions, bashful as I am, you know?"

"Not much, I should say. Carrie Atherton is of your *élegantés*; she will expect you to pay the attention, and a great deal of it. There are four Fannings, all pretty, and all shy; Mary and Julia Davenport, splendid women, both, much admired abroad; Fanny Dana, ugly, but smart, Emily Fay."

"Sweet name!"

"Desperately sweet, but none of your business; a sweet that shall be guarded with stings. I say, sir, no poaching on my manor, if you please. I expect to be engaged to her myself before the evening is out—so, beware! If you want to enter the family, try somebody else. And last, but not least, my chief favorite and ally, Kate Lovering."

"Deliver me from Kates! A set of romping hyenas! That name always plays the very deuce with a girl; it is sure to make them either flirt or hoyden, and generally both. I have suffered too much from them already, and have vowed a vow never to know one again. With all due respect to your cousin, your family connection is safe from me on that score; and can't I avoid being presented to her?"

"Very well; just as you please. Not that she would look at you—a perfect little princess, and the flower of the family—she would make you repent and retract your infidelities very soon, I fancy."

"No doubt. Heaven forbid!"

"And now, farewell; for I go. It seems barbarous to leave you in this barn of a hotel, and in ignorance of the sublime venison, the glorious turkey, the divine ducks, and the superhuman plum-pudding of my Aunt Mary's Christmas table; but the fiat has gone forth, and I am compelled to partake of them alone."

"Say no more, say no more, Ned; I shall get through the time very well, with a good dinner

here, a glass of wine, and a cigar." And Ned Holland, reluctantly leaving his friend alone, walked over to his Uncle James's, rather uncomfortable with the sense of inhospitality he felt in obeying the strict rules that existed against the introduction of any strangers into the family circle at the Christmas Eve feast. The circle in itself was large enough; the ramifications of relationship embraced half a county, and it was a time-honored observance, dictated by convenience no less than custom, that only "the family connection" should sit down to Mr. James Holland's bountiful board on the day before Christmas, and inaugurate the festivities with a yearly meeting, from which none liked to be absent, and which had grown to be almost like the Scottish "gathering of the clan." On this particular occasion, Ned had hoped that the regulation would be relaxed in favor of the friend he had brought down with him to share the hospitalities of that kindly mansion; but, on broaching the subject to his respected relatives, in the midst of their warm welcome to himself, he found the usual calm opposition made to his request.

"Your Uncle James wouldn't hear of such a thing," said his Aunt Mary, as she brought him cake and wine. "It is against the rules, my dear boy, and musn't be, though I am sorry to refuse you. But you know I am always glad to see your friends at any other time, and shall insist on his coming here this evening; there will be other company then, and I should like both of you to stay over the holidays; all the girls will be here, and you will enjoy it, I think."

Various pairs of eyes, black, brown and blue, which had looked rebelliously at kind Aunt Mary, while she refused the first invitation, brightened again as she gave the last two, and accompanied them with a meaning smile at her nephew, and Miss Emily Fay, also present. The young lady's cheeks wore the precise hue of "celestial rosy red" that Ned could have wished, and blushing himself more than is expected of a lawyer, he hastily departed with her to greet the rest of the "extensive family connection," and lament, as his cousins loudly called upon him to do, the absence of grandma from this annual meeting, which was a matter of disappointment to everybody.

"Too bad, that grandma can't come," cried all her indignant young descendants, expectant of the lavish gifts of toys and confectionery that always came with their beloved ancestor. And, "Very provoking of Aunt Bell," com-

plained the elder branches, who desired her presence from less selfish motives, while her own sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, gathered from many different places to see her, and finding the greatest pleasure of their annual reunion in her mild presence, felt the loss more deeply and more quietly.

Grandfather was only a faint memory to his elder grand-children, a legend to the younger, who were only acquainted with him through the picture of a fine, fresh-looking gentleman, in a Colonel's uniform, which hung in the drawing-room at Uncle James's, his eldest son. But grandma was a fully appreciated blessing to her young descendants, who loved her with devotion. She had been very lovely in her youth, and her portrait, representing a beautiful little creature on horseback, in a riding habit and cap, with long plumes, was greatly admired by modern artists visiting at her son's house. She was still charming in her old age, though the brown curls had turned snow-white, and the fine eyes were slightly dimmed, but the spirit and grace which had rendered her so fascinating in early life, years could not destroy. Her manner, of old-school courtesy, gentle, dignified, and winning, was admired by strangers only less than by her disappointed grand-children, who had long looked forwards to her appearance as the crowning attraction of the yearly festival. But Aunt Bell's very young baby had chosen to be ill of some infant disorder, which had not only delayed its presentation to its new cousins, but had also kept at home its fond mamma and dear, kind grandma, who gave up the great pleasure of the family meeting to comfort the baby's parents through this time of anxiety and trouble.

Great was the dissatisfaction that prevailed among the bereaved descendants, thus deprived of her society, but most indignant of all, was Miss Kate Lincoln Lovering, grandma's special pet and favorite, only daughter of her only daughter, long since dead, and inheritor of her maiden name and maiden beauty. She was said to look exactly as Grandma Holland had looked at her age, eighteen, and, allowing for the different style of dress and coiffure, was certainly very like the lovely equestrian of the picture, and very like the ancestral beauties in a host of old family portraits up stairs. She inherited, too, grandmother's fascination of manner, and winning sweetness, but being petted and wilful, had added some traits of her own to those of the maternal line, and had been thoroughly spoiled by her father, a dashing

young officer, killed in battle, before he left her as a legacy to the fond guardianship of his wife's mother. So now grandmother lived with her youngest son, Uncle John; Kate lived there too, and had come as unwilling representative of his absent family, and the messenger of unwelcome tidings at which nobody was more disappointed than herself, who had been much disgusted of late with the attention exacted for the imaginary ailments of a very stout, very ugly, and very cross baby, that had completed the list of its outrages by keeping its revered grandma at home, and disappointing a great number of people.

"But, I will tell you what I am going to do, Cousin Ned," said she, winding up an account of her injuries—"I am grandma's deputy; I have brought all her presents to distribute; and, better than that, I've brought her dress and cap, and bought a white false front, and I intend myself to appear as grandma, 'for this night only,' if you will help me, and if nobody stops me."

Who could stop Kate? Not Uncle James, who found it sufficient warrant for the young deputy's assumption that his mother had consented to the frolic, and sent her joking orders that all due respect should be rendered to her representative; nor Aunt Mary, who unpacked the well-known black satin dress, white crape cap and collar, and delicate lace mittens, in which grandma always appeared, from Kate's trunk, and pardoned the jest she had at first thought so irreverent as she gently laid by these tokens of her approval of her darling's plan; while the other grave authorities, being won over by Kate's coaxing and caressing, began to see in it a very amusing episode, and to anticipate the delight of their disappointed children.

So the *distract* Ned, already looking up and down the long saloon for Emily, readily consented to further the scheme with his best assistance, and forgot the joke he had in store for her, which came out all in due time at the dinner-table, where Miss Kate appeared in her own character, her personation of grandma being reserved for the evening. The young gentleman's devotion to his dinner and to his fair neighbor—about equally divided in his affections—had been a subject of great amusement to the mischievous girl, whose own appetite for turkey was always secondary to her love of the ludicrous, and in replying to her laughing sallies, his wit brightened over his champagne to the point of repeating that part of the morning's conversation which

personally concerned her, and Horace Derwent's speech, with such additions as his fancy suggested, to the amusement of the whole table, and the partial discomfiture of Miss Kate.

"I'll pay him off, the impertinent fellow!" she said to herself, "as sure as my name is Kate! A romping hyena, indeed—a flirt and a hoyden! and particularly begs not to be introduced! We shall see, sir!" and, with burning cheeks, and a head full of schemes of vengeance, she ran up stairs to prepare for her evening's appearance, wisely reserving her quarrel with Ned till a more convenient season, for she wanted him to paint in the wrinkles on her blooming face, as he had always done at their Christmas theatricals, where she played the cross aunts and heavy dowagers, while her less lovely and attractive cousins took the more becoming dresses and rôles.

He was unceremoniously turned out of the room afterwards, and she was enrobed by the laughing girls in the rich, old-fashioned garments, which proved a world too wide for her round waist and pretty shoulders, for though grandma was a slender old lady, she loved ease and comfort more than her fair descendant. But there are few difficulties in the feminine toilette that pins and patience cannot overcome, and when Ned was recalled, to put the finishing touches to his work, he insisted on bestowing a filial embrace on his beloved grandmother, and pressing a respectful kiss on her wrinkled cheek. Other cousins being admitted, fairly started at the well-known figure before them, with its snow-white curls beneath the crimped edges of the widow's cap, the brilliant dark eyes shining kindly behind the gold-bowed spectacles, the sweet, wrinkled face, half-hidden by these various accessories, the bent, slender figure, in its black satin robes of sweeping length and amplitude, bound at the wrists and neck with white crape and jet ornaments; grandma's own discreet watch, with the bunch of seals that had been grandfather's, a silver knitting sheath on her side, and her own little delicate hands, quite lost in black lace mittens, laid gently over her favorite work of a baby's lamb's wool sock. The little actress drew down her rosy upper lip over the pearls beneath, and imitated grandmama's low, cheerful voice; then, after submitting to the affectionate attentions of all the grown-up young gentlemen, her cousins, who seized this opportunity, while she dared not resist, for fear of injuring her costume, to claim all

the arrears of kisses which she had denied for the past five years, she was led down stairs by the children, screaming with laughter, and yet half reverent of the figure that looked so much like their dear, absent relative.

They enshrined her in grandmother's own great arm-chair, where she proceeded to distribute her generous stock of gifts, amid the riotous mirth and enjoyment of the children, and the surprise and amusement of the elders. The scene was hardly over before the arrivals began, and the great drawing-rooms were soon filled with friends and acquaintances, who were duly presented to grandmother's deputy, as usually to herself, and though disappointed in her absence, keenly enjoyed the spirit and grace of her young representative's personation, and formed a pleased and admiring circle about her great chair.

Horace Derwent was the last; fashionably late, for he had feared to be too early, and punished his impatience by delay. An orphan, without home-ties or pleasures, he had a strong curiosity to see this family assembly, and longed to join in their gayety, but among the happy faces he felt an alien and a stranger; their mirth depressed and saddened him, and he begged his chaperon, Ned, for a few minutes in which to familiarize himself with the scene, before beginning the work of introduction. They had halted in the little boudoir, in which Grandma Holland's portrait was enshrined, separated from the long drawing-rooms by a set of silken curtains, and here Ned left him, the more readily as he saw Emily in the distance surrounded by a group of attentive gentlemen, and enjoying their society far too much for the comfort of her observant lover. He was gone some time, occupied in hovering on the edge of this lively group, skilfully dispersing it, and rendering generally uncomfortable those who persisted in staying, before he bethought himself of Horace, and returned to find him intent upon the portrait, which he was studying with admiring earnestness.

"Ah, what a lovely face!" he cried, as Ned touched his shoulder. "What spirit and grace! what a beautiful creature to love and live with! Pity there are no such women now!" he said, covering his confusion with a laugh, as he took his friend's arm and moved away. "Modern female education not only deforms the bodies but cramps the minds and extinguishes the spirits of our fashionable girls, except in the case of those rude hoydens that infest society, but where in real life do we

ever see such sweet, sprightly attitudes, such a charming face, such—

"Oh Horace!" cries the injured Ned, "for heaven's sake spare me your raptures, and I'll introduce you to the original."

"Who? Where?"

"My grandmother."

"Oh, ah, yes," said Horace, drily, "a most delightful old lady, no doubt, but I should prefer something of a little more recent date."

"I thought you were disgusted with modern belles, but you shall see enough of them after this presentation is over. Allons!" and he dragged his reluctant friend, who dreaded to behold the wreck of the fresh girlish beauty he had just been admiring, towards the high crimson-velvet arm-chair, standing like a throne at the end of the long apartment, and around which a crowd of gentlemen, young and old, were gathered, paying their lively homage to the old lady sitting in it, a little shaded from the glare of the great chandeliers, and listening with a pleasant smile, while she plied the knitting work she held in her delicate lace-covered hands.

"My grandmother, Madam Holland, Mr. Horace Derwent."

The old lady looked up from her knitting with a start, and cast a sharp glance at Master Ned Holland, as she hastily acknowledged the low reverence of his friend. Horace could have sworn that a blush suffused the fine features turned towards him, as in the portrait, that the aged fingers trembled as they dropped the work they held, which he courteously restored with respectful zeal, and that a momentary expression of distress flitted over the still fair face before him, but the old lady quickly recovered her sweet placid dignity, and addressed him in a soft voice with rather imperfect articulation, which he attributed to the loss of her teeth.

"I look like some old love of hers, I suppose," thought Horace, as he took the place beside her, politely vacated by a young man who had been amusing her with his lively conversation a moment before, and found himself soon absorbed in the study of this fascinating old lady, listening with that gentle deference which always distinguished his manner to the aged, to every indistinct word she uttered in her sweet tremulous voice, and tracing a resemblance to the beautiful face in the other room, in the altered but graceful outlines before him. He found beauty still in the snow-white curls, once brown, that drooped over her temples, beauty in the dark arched

eyebrows, and bright, kindly eyes beaming behind the glimmer of her glasses, beauty in the delicate skin, fine even in its wrinkles, in the well-set head, the fair, faded cheek, the slender figure and small hands, and the perfect contour of her face, half concealed by the thick crimped frills of her cap and the great bow of white satin ribbon tied under her chin. He was sure she must have been in youth even more lovely than the artist had drawn her, more brilliant than the colors had depicted her, and he envied the old colonel who had lived in the proper time to woo and win this gracious creature.

He wondered if she had any female descendants who had inherited her charms, and his eyes wandered up and down the room in search of a younger copy of the lineaments he so much admired, but no such appeared. Handsome, dark-eyed belles, blue-eyed and fair-haired maidens, brown-tressed beauties in abundance appeared, but no successor to this ancestral loveliness, and he was sorry that his wandering look was interpreted by the too-attentive Ned as a sign of weariness, and that he was borne away to be presented to this fair cousin, and to talk to that, to promenade with one, and polka with another, and was finally honored with an introduction to the fair Emily herself, under all possible restrictions and beneath the eye of her watchful lover, but he felt no desire to disturb his friendship by any show of attention to his lady-love, who sat in the little boudoir, below the lovely picture, and faded, to his eyes, into insipidity and plainness before its delicate and sparkling beauty.

The evening was far spent before he was again able to approach the crimson chair that enthroned its relics, and it was long after that he succeeded in penetrating the throng around it. The romping children, with hands full of toys and sweetmeats, who made the vicinity quite dangerous some time before, had been brought up in succession to kiss her, and been borne, shouting, off to bed, but their places were more than filled by a laughing, jesting crowd, whose evident admiration justified his own opinion of the aged beauty. As he hovered on the edge of this merry group, vexed at his exclusion from their circle, and inability to understand the jest they enjoyed so much, he was electrified by hearing a sweet, clear laugh from the occupant of the chair, the very laugh that belonged to the joyous heroine of the picture, from which years could not take the music or the mirth.

His efforts to obtain a second *lôte à lôte*, or even to join in the conversation with her, were quite unavailing, but he could not be mistaken in thinking that she had repeatedly glanced at him with interest, and that she was pleased with the respect and admiration his face expressed. When at last, the latest there, the reluctant Ned was induced to come away, and they took their leave of their hosts, and made their *congo* to the crimson throne. Horace could not resist raising the still beautiful hand to his lips, with affectionate reverence that provoked a hearty laugh from the inconsiderate Ned, and even seemed to make a faint glow in grandma's wrinkled cheeks, but he strode away thinking how that little hand had seemed to tremble and falter in his hold.

"What a beautiful little coquette she must have been!" he exclaimed, and Ned woke all the echoes with his shouts of laughter.

Horace thought him intoxicated. "You've had too much champagne," he said, and then resuming his meditations, "I must look like some old lover of hers, yes, that's it; she has never forgotten him!" and having, fortunately for the peace of the neighborhood, reached their hotel, went to his room quite regardless of the explosions of mirth that shook his comrade—whom he was accustomed to see under some form of excitement after a party—to dream of the septuagenarian beauty, and curse his fate in being born too late by two-score years and ten.

The next morning a brilliant sun shone in through the frost-work of the windows, and waked the indolent pair to rejoice over a fine fall of snow, which promised future sleighing, and had driven the houseful of cousins quite wild with anticipation before the friends arrived there for a morning call. The courtyard and grounds were scraped clean of snow, which had been liberally bestowed on the walls of the house, and on the wrappings of the few muffled figures that still moved about among the *debris* of the battle, from one of whom Ned immediately received the favor of a well-directed ball, which extinguished his moustache and nestled in his fur collar, to ooze out presently in damp discomfort on his glossy linen and new cravat. A loud shout from the attacking party greeted the successful shot, and "Kate, of course," thought Horace as they went in, glad that any mischief detained her from joining the family group during his visit.

They entered quietly without ringing, that the discomfited Ned might have an opportunity

to repair his toilet before encountering his cousins; and while he was still brushing and muttering, Horace stepped quietly into the open drawing-room, to spend his leisure examining the picture he had so much admired the night before, and criticise its loveliness by the glare of daylight. But he stopped on the threshold of the boudoir, to pass his hand over his eyes, and wonder if he still were dreaming at sight of what seemed the fair original herself, seated before it, the beautiful eyes fixed upon their prototypes, the arch lips curved in the same dimpled smile, the brown tresses drooping with as soft a grace, the pretty foot, the little hand, the elastic carriage, the exquisite figure, all there as if the ghost of that girlish loveliness still haunted the spot where its memory was so fairly preserved, but for the modern dress which gave it a new charm of life and reality in his admiring eyes.

He could have lingered forever watching the varying play of expression on that fair face, the shifting light in her eyes, the fitting dimples and blushes on her cheek, the lashes that drooped, and the lips that smiled, but the spell was broken by the creak of Ned's new boots approaching, and the living picture sprang up and confronted the intruders with a chilling dignity, before which Horace stood abashed, while the cooler Ned felt it not at all.

"My cousin, Mr. Derwent," he kindly explained. "Never mind being caught, child," condescendingly to the young lady, "you look very well in that wrapper, quite like the picture, eh, Horace? and you will have plenty of time to change it, for we shall stay all the morning. Entertain Mr. Derwent now, while I find the rest; you can talk about the portrait, he is quite wild on the subject. Ah, and by the by, how's grandma?" and with a loud and long laugh Mr. Ned quitted the room in search of his cousins, and left the new acquaintances together.

The young lady was evidently very much embarrassed and was blushing beautifully, the roses of her cheeks grew momentarily deeper under the shade of the fringed lashes, which the admiring Horace watched in sublime oblivion of politeness, till he saw symptoms of their rising, and hurried into speech.

"I hope we shall see your grandmother, this morning," he observed.

The beauty, in great confusion, was understood to murmur something about "indisposition," but her arch lips were beginning to quiver with a smile, and her eyes to sparkle with mischievous light. Determined to en-

courage these signs of returning confidence, Horace continued—

"I am sorry to hear that she is indisposed. I trust nothing serious?"

"A slight cold," said the young lady, faintly; "over-exertion."

"Ah, yes, very natural, though she looks too young still to be easily affected by such causes, in spite of the delicacy of her appearance. One cannot think of her as really aged; it seems impossible that a creature so beautiful should fade, nor has she faded as yet. To me, that elastic loveliness, so lightly touched by Time, is rendered sacred by a newer and rarer charm; 'age cannot wither her' indeed, but is a fresh baptism of beauty."

He waited for an answer, but the young lady seemed still struggling with her confusion, and unable to speak, and he felt obliged to go on, though afraid of making some blunder in his hurry of ideas.

"Pardon me, Miss Holland, [she must be Miss Holland, being Ned's cousin, they are nearly all Holland's except that Kate] but that picture," indicating the one he admired, "I was told last evening that it was your grandmother's portrait, taken in early life; it might be yourself; the resemblance is wonderful. You were not present last evening, I think, for I looked anxiously, I assure you, among Mrs. Holland's descendants to find the inheritor of her grace and beauty, but I was unsuccessful; you were not there? I could not have forgotten—"

In Congressional parlance, he "paused for a reply," but none came. The young girl sat perfectly silent, with downcast eyes, and blushing cheeks, before him, and answered only by the varying color and expression of her countenance, so lovely in her timidity and confusion that he could not but look and admire. "A most delicate and modest little creature," he thought, "one could hardly have expected with that coquettish face and form, this awkward, no, this graceful embarrassment. Most fortunate conjunction of shyness with such bewitching beauty, enabling me to use my eyes without the rebuke of a look from hers!" and with this philosophical conclusion the enchanted Horace fell to the contemplation of the *tableau vivant* which fortune had placed before him, with a thankful heart, and no thought of fatigue, till his friend returned with a troop of laughing girls, and the relieved beauty made her escape in the tumult that followed.

But he was not awakened from his dream

when its object had disappeared; he was absent, *distract*, stupid, and not even his faultless dress and manner, his handsome face and figure could save him from the charge of being a bore, preferred against him by a jury of young critics, who sat in judgment upon him after he left the house. He had made one inquiry after "grandma" to be sure, but even that joke he must utter as if it were the soberest earnest, and had prosecuted his inquiries after her health with mock solemnity that was more like real. He had remained, too, with his eyes mostly fixed upon "grandma's" portrait, which was very pretty no doubt, but not generally considered by persons of his age and sex as better worth looking at than her young grand-daughters, and with absurd affectation had retired from the room with his face towards it, and cast back a last glance as he passed under the arch of the door. Ned found him no better when they returned to their hotel, and was glad that a furious snow storm, which darkened the air all the afternoon, gave him an excuse for sleeping till it was time to dress for dinner, and escaping the society of his abstracted companion, who braving wind and tempest set out upon a solitary walk. An hour later, the young ladies collected in the parlors of Mr. James Holland's house, dropping their various pretences of occupation, rushed to the windows to see a little boy bringing a bouquet, and arrived in the hall just in time to hear him say repeatedly to the waiter, "No, not for any of the young ladies, I tell you. For the old lady; Mr. Ned's grandmother, the gentleman said. 'For Mrs. Colonel Holland, with Mr. Derwent's respects.' It's on the card Miss Kate."

The girls returned to the parlor with their prize, laughing, but half envious of the fair recipient, who regarded it with looks compounded of gratification and revenge. She had half a mind to burn it but had not the heart, it was such a beautiful bouquet when taken from its wrappings, so fragrant, fresh and pure; yet she wished she had sent it back at once, with, or without an indignant message. It was so audacious of the fellow to send it! so mean of Ned to let him do it! she wondered how long he had guessed grandma's identity. Ned could never keep a secret, and had probably told him at once, and she was a subject for their joint mirth! She should have no peace now, during her visit; the mortifications had already begun with this morning's call, and the impertinent staring and quizzing she had undergone, fol-

lowed by this insult! and the indignant Kate could have trampled the flowers under her avenging slippers. But their fragrant loveliness, or the admiration of her cousins, finally prevailed, and it was with considerable complacency that she bore them up to her room and deposited them on the little light stand by her pillow, to waft odors of Paradise through her dreams. If the donor could have seen the flowers he sent to enliven the sick chamber of the aged matron made welcome to Kate's virgin bower, praised by her rosy lips, and held in her white hands while she buried her lovely face in their perfumed petals, as sweet a blossom as any there, perhaps this pleasing sight would have restored the temper of his nerves, and enabled him to hear with more flattering attention the plans of the gallant Ned, who awoke "like a giant refreshed with wine," and arranged a sleighing party as he made his toilette.

The two gentlemen returned to dine at the Holland mansion, where a large party was assembled, which however, lacked the pleasantest characteristics of the night before. The children were banished, to leave more room for the elders. Grandma's velvet chair was vacant, and her youthful likeness, the beautiful girl whom Horace had first seen in the morning, seemed to inherit also her honors and admirers, but her painful shyness with himself was exchanged for a hauteur and reserve that he could not understand. She was his neighbor at dinner, with an indignant color burning on her cheeks, and a protest in her averted eyes, against the incomprehensible jokes Ned was constantly publishing at her other hand, and which she would not answer by a word. Her manner to her escort was both fearful and defiant, and Horace tried, with a patience and gentleness of courtesy almost irresistible, to win her from her coldness, to confidence and ease. He watched the rapid changes of her face and altered his conversation to suit it, as aptly as the mariner trims his sails or steers his course by the aspect of the sky; brilliant, pleasant, sensible, she could not but own his power—could not but feel that a master-hand skilfully disposed the topics he touched upon for her amusement, could not but be won against her will to admiration and respect, and submit to the influence of a more genial temper and a sweeter mood than her own.

Smiles were softening her lips, and pleasure was lighting up her face before they left the table, but her evil genius, Ned, whispered a

witticism in her ear, a laughing bevy of cousins surrounded her as they reentered the parlors, and her repellant manner returned for the rest of the evening. When in the Christmas games they were thrown together, she was silent as death; when in the dancing her hand touched his, it was quickly withdrawn; and when he approached her to ask for "Miss Holland's next waltz," he received from her a brusque excuse, and from her devoted attendant a polite correction.

"Not Miss Holland, sir," said Charley Harrington, who was another of the "extensive family connection." "Miss Lovering, I presume you mean; come Kate, our polka."

"I knew there was an antipathy between us," said Horace to himself, as he turned away and tried to think he felt it.

Until, in solitude and quiet he had reviewed the scenes and events of the past few hours, and analyzed the sudden feeling that had sprung up in his breast, and bent his will, his pride, his prejudice, like reeds, before this stronger growth of a day. Until he had recalled her strange coldness and perversity, her unreasonable petulance and prejudice, the happy change that followed her shyness, her aversion and her fear, her brightened eyes and deeper color, and nervous consciousness of his presence, all parts of a riddle hard to read, but bearing as close a relation to each other as the two fair faces he remembered with almost equal tenderness, one beautiful in age, and one in youth, and both forever dear. In dreams they seemed to exchange identity; it was the grandame's hand that lay so coldly in his own, the girl's that thrilled beneath his touch; the aged eyes were averted, perhaps, but the brighter ones of youth looked at him kindly, and the strange flush that had reddened the matron's wrinkled cheek was a blush of awakening interest, a glow of sweet confession on the younger face. Such dreams—all dreams are idle, vague and vain, practical people say so, and I accept the dictum in unquestioning humility, but I think they are hardly so foolish or so useless as these persons aver, or they would not have been granted by a higher Intelligence to ours. Strange glimpses of another world, not past, present or to come, but "the world that ought to be;" where improbable things are easy of belief, and impossibilities are constantly coming to pass; where crooked paths grow straight, and gordian knots are cut by the simple laying of a weary head upon a homely pillow, in which we are fair or fine, rich or great, wise

or worshipped, according to our wish, and have temples of fame and airy castles, spring up far more quickly than Aladdin's palace, and happier than he—[for in Dreamland there is nothing unattainable]—we may ask for the roc's egg and get it. Dear Paradise of absurdities and incongruities, from which we are summoned by a word or a touch, in the heights of prosperity or the depths of distress, thou art not so unlike the world we inhabit by day, that we should disdain to visit thee by night, or thy dreams that refresh the weary mind as sleep the weary body, more futile than the "waking visions" from which Death calls us all away at last! This is a long moral, but it explains why my hero awoke in tolerable spirits and went sleighing.

There is little comfort for lovers in those many-seated "omnibus" sleighs ["may Eros forget him who invented them!"] thought Ned, as he took an exile's place, half-a-square from Emily], and as little in depositing therein those indistinguishable bundles of wool and fur, clad as for an Arcete expedition, as nearly alike to the common view, as Pharaoh's mummies in their layers of cloth, and about as incapable of conversation. Yet the watchful Horace, inspired by love, thought he knew which bale of shawls contained at its core the heart he sought to win; which fur mitten covered the hand he aspired to gain; and which of those brown *bârage* veils hid the bright eyes and blushing cheeks, the deep dimples and glossy curls of the lady of his dreams. He fancied, too, that this muffled figure leaned less heavily on his arm, accepted his assistance less readily, and turned from him more quickly than the rest, and at the ball and supper which followed, had ample proof of her studied avoidance and neglect. But the wilful girl found in him a will and courage stronger than her own, a patience and perseverance that compelled her respect, a sweetness and gentleness of temper that subdued and scattered her chilling discontent. So there were sometimes moments of sunshine that made amends, to one at least, for hours of coldness, and but for the bouquets and daily messages of compliment and inquiry to grandma, which kept Kate in a fever of anger and mortification at being quizzed, there might have been more. But she would not speak to her cousin Ned, and would not hear a word on the subject from any one else, so the task Horace attempted was like Penelope's, who unravelled at night what she wrought in the day.

These alternations brought him to New Year's Eve, and its accompanying resolutions; he would go away before his feelings were further enlisted in a hopeless cause. It was already hard enough to decide on forgetting the lovely girl who could be so bewitching to others, so repulsive to him; he would trust himself no longer in her presence, but go where her varying moods could no more affect his happiness.

He joined the well-known party in the Hollands' drawing-room, and was glad to see that the crimson chair was again filled, and went forward to pay his respects to the well-known figure within it. It was indeed grandma, released by the baby's convalescence at last, to join the family gathering, and who, with her hand fast locked in that of her favorite—whose strange flutter of spirits she could not comprehend—received Mr. Derwent's compliments with her own gentle courtesy, but gave no sign of recognition.

Horace was puzzled; the dress, the attitude, the figure before him were all the same, he remembered, but the old lady in the chair looked twenty years older than the previous week. Could a few days' illness so have changed her? There was a mystery about it that he could not fathom.

"I am glad to see you are well enough to resume your accustomed place," he said.

Grandma looked astonished, but gently thanked the gentleman who took so kind an interest in her health.

"I trust you no longer feel any ill effects from your late indisposition," he continued.

"I have not been ill, sir," she answered, smiling, "but attending an invalid five-and-seventy years younger than myself, or I should have arrived before, and been present on Christmas eve, as is my usual custom."

"Do I understand you to say," cried Horace, bewildered, "that you were not present on that occasion? I thought—I was sure—"

He paused, for grandma was looking at the guilty cheeks of her pretty grand-daughter, as if they contained the solution of the mystery.

"Is it possible, my dear," she slowly said, "that you have kept up a foolish deception so long, and misled this gentleman? I am afraid he will find it difficult to forgive either of us."

Poor Kate, amazed and aghast, as she realized his ignorance of grandma's identity, and innocence of intent to affront or tease her, was heard to stammer a faint apology; but Horace, with a stiff and stately bow, had turned away and left the room.

Five minutes after, as he stood in the little boudoir, taking a last look at the portrait, and resolving to leave its vicinity at once, a light hand lifted the silken curtains, and a timid touch fell upon his arm.

"I came to beg your pardon," faltered Kate.

"For what?" he sternly inquired.

"For deceiving you, sir," she answered, tremulously. "It seems you didn't know, but I thought you did, and were trying to mortify me. It was all my fault, but I am sure I never meant it. I hope you will forgive us."

"Nothing else?" asked Horace, keenly.

Nothing but a burst of tears which reduced him at once.

"Dear Miss Lovering," said he, quite melted, "you had a perfect right to enjoy your masquerade, and I was a fool not to see it before; but it is not that which hurts me now—your coldness—your aversion—"

"I was mistaken," murmured Kate.

"Is it possible that you see it in that light," cried the enraptured lover, "then I may hope to be more fortunate—to please you better in future?"

Dead silence; but the hand he took was not withdrawn.

"You must have seen," he softly whispered, "that the first sight of you made an impression upon me, which nothing can ever efface. Even under that venerable disguise, I felt your power and acknowledged your beauty, and would willingly have added half a century to my age to have been the contemporary of the fascinating old lady who so strangely won my heart."

"Yes, I know," said Kate, with returning sauciness, "that you fell in love with grandma."

"But she received my homage more kindly than the descendant for whom I deserted her."

"I thought," she retorted, "that you 'detested Kates.'"

"No, I adore them. So Ned has been betraying me? Did he tell you that I wished to enter the family? I will confess the whole, if you will listen and promise to absolve me afterwards."

The confession lasted an hour and a quarter, and ended in reconciling the two enemies. Horace did not go away next day, but remained till the Christmas festivities were over, and was invited to return next year as "one of the family." He won the Twelfth Night ring, and nobody was much surprised when he put it on Kate's white finger, or when grandma magnanimously offered to relinquish all claim on the conquest made in her name, and come to her rival's wedding.

One Man's Work.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I thought I heard you call to me," said the gentleman, turning back.

"Oh no—no—I—you are mistaken, sir," answered the lady, in a fluttered, half coherent manner, as she stood in her front door.

The gentleman lifted his hat with a grave courtesy, which indicated that he was not on familiar terms with the lady; she bowed, and as he turned, still a little irresolutely, the front door closed, and there was no more to be done or said.

And yet this man, Cleveland King, did not feel quite assured by the lady's answer, as he went with his firm, rapid step down the broad pavement, with the row of gas lights making a long golden perspective on his right hand. His hearing could not have deceived him. The lady whom he had just left at her residence, had certainly called to him, and the voice was one of involuntary terror, bewilderment, appeal, such as one might make in the depths of a dark forest, or on the verge of some beetling precipice, to which they had wandered, to find the sands crumbling under them. The voice haunted Cleveland King, as he kept on his way to his sister's, at whose house he had promised to pass the night, for her husband had left town for a few days on business. Cleveland King was not a man to shut out from his thoughts any call of helplessness or suffering, and this one somehow went beyond his thoughts into his heart, and troubled it.

And yet, what could he do, and what did it mean? Of the lady, Mrs. Northam, he knew very little. He had not met her more than twice before the present evening; for Cleveland King was very far from a man of society. The lady's face had struck him the first time he saw it; it was a fine, delicate, sweet face, without much glow or bloom about it, but one that, in any crowd, would have attracted and impressed you. It was a young face too, so young that Cleveland King was surprised to learn that the lady was married. Afterwards he had met her riding out with her husband, a man whose life could not lie far on the hither side of fifty, a hard, pompous, proud man; as Cleveland read in the first glance at his face, and he had thought to himself, as the two rolled past him in their luxurious carriage, behind their magnificent bays,—“That woman can't be happy with that coarse, hard man. Her face shows she

has fine wrought intuitions to repel him. It's another matrimonial bargain—money on one side, grace and beauty on the other; and ambitious and heartless relations to manage the whole thing."

Cleveland King was a man of keen observations and intuitions. He was a young man still, although by his own talents he had made a considerable fortune, and was now silent partner in an old, wealthy house; but he was among the very few men into whose soul the greed and the lust of gold had not entered. He had settled in his own soul just how much and how little it could do for him; and he resolved that the ambition of his life should not be to become a millionaire.

He was only a little way among his thirties; he resolved to indulge his natural tastes for reading and study, of which his previous business life had afforded him but little opportunity; so he withdrew from comparatively active life in the house where he had passed his youth. His partners ridiculed and remonstrated, but he was not a man to be easily swayed from an object on which he had set his mind.

"It's a shame," they said to him. "You might be one of the richest men in the city in ten years."

"Exactly, but I want to be something more than a rich man when I die." The old gentlemen opened their eyes. It was a new philosophy for the house on Wall street.

And so, Cleveland King reached the house of his sister, with the fair face of the lady he had left standing before him all the way, just as she stood in the front door, with that sudden look of anguish, doubt, and terror leaping out of it, just as the cry did out of her voice. He had seen it for a moment as he turned back when that cry reached him.

"Perhaps I'll mention it to Julia," thought the young man, as he rang the door bell of his sister's stately dwelling.

"Why, Cleveland, I couldn't think what had kept you out so late," said Mrs. Gresham, as her brother entered the sitting-room, where she was awaiting him a little impatiently.

They were as unlike in person as in character—this brother and sister; and yet it was natural they should be fond of each other, as they were the only living members of their family.

Mrs. Julia Gresham was a couple of years older than her brother, a tall, dark, stylish woman; a practical, ambitious, worldly-wise

one; a woman whose creed was founded on real, substantial, external good. She believed in, she revered wealth, position, prosperity. She had married a rich and highly respectable gentleman, who proved himself a somewhat dull, but good-natured, indulgent husband; and they lived in very handsome style, and had charming receptions, and moved in the best society, for in these things consisted the life—after all, the paltry, barren, worldly life—of Mrs. Rufus Gresham.

"Yes, Julia, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had a note this morning for a little informal company at the Merwins this evening. If it had been on a larger scale I should certainly have declined, for you know what a bore a large party is to me; but I could find no reasonable excuse, and had, after all, a pleasant, social, reasonable time."

Mrs. Gresham smiled.

"I should know anywhere that those adjectives came from you and nobody else."

And Cleveland smiled in return.

"Well, they are just what all adjectives should be, simple, truthful exponents of facts. We leave the intensified and inflated ones to your sex."

Mrs. Gresham respected and feared her brother a little. She did not understand him, and he was a profound puzzle to her, sometimes, a real provocation, but she occasionally got glimpses through him of a better, higher life than the one around which she revolved. He frequently held up certain of the weaknesses, foibles, and sins of her sex in general, and of her set in particular, in a half ironical, half protesting way, which placed them before her in such a light that she could not help seeing and half acknowledging them.

"Whom amongst the sex you profess to despise did you meet this evening?" asked the lady, not taking up the gauntlet in defence of her sex.

"That last question of yours involves a most specious sophistry, my dear. Instead of despising your sex, it is because I so honor and reverence it from my inmost soul, that it is a continual pain and anguish to me to see woman so disloyal to her highest self and mission on the earth, absorbed in selfishness, in petty rivalries, and aims and ambitions, false to duty, to herself, to her God; it is because that I see these things daily, that I sometimes speak of woman with irony and bitterness, instead of with that tenderness and reverence with which man always should."

"I suppose you include your sister among

those women whom you condemn?" said Mrs. Gresham, with a little conscious look.

"Yes. I will not spoil a story for relation's sakes. I include my sister among those very women."

Mrs. Gresham did not seem indignant. Indeed, there was an expression of softness which almost touched on humility on her usually complacent face; an expression which was never seen there unless it might be in some conversation like the present with her brother.

"Well, I will not dispute the position you assign me now, and in return for my good nature do answer my question."

"I beg your pardon. I've really forgotten it, Julia."

"Did you wait on any lady home from this party?" changing somewhat the spirit and form of her first question.

"Yes, Mrs. Northam."

"Mrs. Northam—a married woman—Cleveland!"

"Why not—her husband was absent—the young ladies seemed mostly supplied with company, and so I volunteered myself for Mrs. Northam's service, as her husband was not there, and she did not wait for her carriage, but left early, as I did. What do you know of the lady?"

"Not much, except that the Northams move in the very best society. She was married about two years ago, and her husband can't be far from thirty years her senior. She was an orphan, and her uncle, who was her guardian, it is said, helped himself to most of her property, which wasn't large, and then half allured, half compelled her into this marriage. She was a prize for Robert Northam. I think he is proud of her, but the marriage could never have been a congenial one for the lady."

The gentleman did not answer. He was debating with himself whether he should relate to his sister, what had transpired that evening. She looked at him and was silent for a little while; at last he lifted his eyes from the carpet and met hers.

"What are you thinking about me, Julia?"

"That I wonder if you'll ever get married. Shall you, Cleveland?"

The gentleman drew a deep sigh.

"I don't know," speaking half to himself.

"If I can ever find the right sort of a woman—a woman earnest, tender, noble, whose influence and atmosphere about my life will tend to stimulate and nourish the best part of

me; who will, in short, make me a better man, and to whom I can be what by right of my manhood I should be, strength, protection, love, then surely I shall marry her, Julia."

"I wonder if there is a woman made especially to suit you! I'd go a good ways to see her."

Cleveland looked at his watch, and rose up. He had made up his mind to communicate nothing to his sister. She had not the tender sympathies to enter into it, and all he could say would only stimulate her wonder and curiosity. So he bade Mrs. Gresham good night, and went to his own chamber; and in his prayer before he slept, Cleveland King remembered before God the face of the pale young wife, as he had seen her standing in the front door, and he prayed Him whatsoever bewilderment or anguish, whatsoever fear or suffering was about her life, to lead her in the right way, the way of duty, of light, and of peace.

The next day, when Cleveland King walked down to the office, the face and voice of Mrs. Northam was still in his thoughts. They haunted and troubled, and appealed to him through all the business of the morning; and he found himself frequently pondering the question—"Can I do anything to aid or to serve this woman?"

It was a delicate matter to manage, and Cleveland King remained longer in doubt over it than he often was over any course of action. But he said to himself at last—"My motive is one that I am not ashamed of before God—I need not be before man. It is simply to render this woman any service of advice or help which some strait of her life may require. I will make some errand for calling on her at this time, and then if I watch for an opportunity, and God wills, the way will probably be opened for me to say all that is needed. And so Cleveland King having come to his determination, acted upon it at once. The young man did not wait long in the luxurious parlors, where taste and wealth had combined to produce splendor and beauty. The rich carpets, where the feet seemed sinking into forest mosses, the white gleam of the statues in the corners, the glow of the rosewood furniture, the gilded walls flushed with rare pictures, and the lace curtains which seemed like heaps of snowy mist. Cleveland King had only time to linger a moment on these, when the mistress of all this splendor made her appearance.

That young, fair face—that graceful girlish figure, it seemed, somehow, as if the years

had not yet fitted her for her place and station, yet she came forward with a grave, easy dignity, and gave her hand to her guest with a graciousness and self-possession which showed she was used to doing the honors of her stately home.

Mrs. Northam could not, however, quite disguise her surprise on seeing her guest, but she was too well bred a woman to manifest it in any way which would embarrass her guest, so the conversation slipped into easy and general channels.

Cleveland's ostensible reason for this call was to learn the address of a mutual friend, which he was really desirous of obtaining, and which Mrs. Northam furnished him at once. As she lifted her face to him in the interest of their conversation, he watched it narrowly, and he saw, at times, a troubled, anxious look flit over it; sometimes the look deepened into pain, and the deep blue eyes would seem to be wandering after her thoughts, and Mrs. Northam would seem unconscious of her guest. Then she would rouse herself with an effort, and take up the thread of conversation, or introduce some new topic with easy grace, and yet, all the time, it was evident to Cleveland King that some dread and pain lay cold and heavy on the heart of his hostess. At last, in a little pause of the conversation, he spoke—

"I feel singularly impelled to say to you, Mrs. Northam, that the ostensible reason of my calling is not the real one. I am aware, too, that my conduct must seem singular, and probably intrusive to a stranger, but I have, somehow, a conviction that in this matter you will not misinterpret me or my motives!"

He paused; the fair young face of his hostess was lifted in wonder to his, and it seemed to him in fear—not of him, but of something beyond; yet she answered simply and earnestly to his question—

"I do not think I shall, Mr. King!"

"Well, then, I am emboldened to speak to you frankly and plainly, trusting that you will receive it in just the spirit that I speak. I have been haunted all day by a singular feeling that you are in some trouble, some strait or trial in which it is possible you may have no friend to consult or to aid you; or those who have the right and the authority to do this, may for some reason be excluded from your confidence. I do not seek it—I have no claim to do it, only if you can trust me as a friend, I am willing to serve you by word or deed, and I shall ask no questions, any farther than may be necessary. You

yourself know whether my suspicions are true, and if they are not, forgive a stranger whose only motive was to serve you as a friend."

Doubt, amazement, indecision, had by turns struggled for the mastery in Mrs. Northam's face. As her guest closed his singular offer she tried to speak, but a sudden sob swelled in her throat and mastered the words, she broke down into a convulsion of sobs and tears. Her guest looked at her, and a feeling of pity, that was almost tenderness, for the forlorn young creature in the midst of her splendor came over him. He longed to shield her from, or avert the invisible evil which was hanging over her young life. Instinctively he reached out his hand to lay it on hers, and then he remembered she was the wife of another man, and he withdrew it, for Cleveland King was an honest man, a true man to the core; no word or act would he bestow on any woman, which, were that woman his wife, he would hesitate to see her receive from any other man; and so he was always a "law unto himself."

At last the storm cleared its way into calm. Mrs. Northam looked up into Cleveland King's face. How those earnest blue eyes searched and penetrated it! Her woman's intuition was true; it was a strong, manly, honest face: a face to be believed in, trusted in any temptation, in any conjunction of trying and evil circumstances; a face that bore witness to a soul which would be true to itself, and so, true to all men and women besides. Mrs. Northam drew a little nearer—

"Yes," she said in a low, rapid, frightened voice, "I am in terrible trouble, and there is no one in the whole world to help me."

"I felt it ever since I heard your voice call to me, and saw your face for a moment last night."

"Oh, sir, I know I told you a falsehood, but really I was so confused and frightened I didn't know what I said, and it all came upon me so sudden, too; a great avalanche of anguish that I couldn't bear; and so, as you turned away the cry leaped out of my lips before I was aware. It flashed up to me in a moment all the good and kind things I had heard of you, from the children of the Sabbath School of which you are superintendent, and others, and I felt so helpless and desolate, and I longed so for some counsel and sympathy, and it seemed so hard to struggle on any longer with this terrible burden, and I wished for the moment, with an unutterable wish, that you were my friend whom I could

go to, and confide in, at this time, and then, before I knew or could help it, the cry you heard leaped out of my heart."

It seemed now that these words leaped out of her heart too, she spoke in such a low, rapid tone, as though they came almost without any volition of hers, and she dared not stop to reflect on the consequences of what she was saying. There was a little silence—

"God must have sent me here this morning," thought Cleveland King.

"And so you understand, Mrs. Northam, that I heard the cry, and have come here now to answer it, by serving you in any right and just way that I can."

Another frightened glance into his face that answered for itself.

"I ought to tell you all now, but the trouble involves another, another who is dearer than life to me," and the paleness of her face was overclouded now with deep blushes, as she buried it in her hands.

Her words and pantomime startled her hearer with a new fear. Could it be that the desolate young creature in the midst of all her splendor had been lured into temptation, and had bestowed on another the confidence and affection which she had no right to do, and had the evil led to the confusion and suffering which sooner or later it must inevitably do? The thoughts chased themselves rapidly through Cleveland King's mind, and before he was aware they had shaped themselves into this question—

"I hope this friend is not one for whose sake another must be wronged!"

She understood him; in an instant the bowed head was lifted quickly, and her face answered for her before her voice, with its calm scorn, did.

"I assure you, sir, that any love I may feel or express for my own brother, is nothing for which I have reason to blush."

Her words lifted a sudden burden from her head. It was his turn now to feel embarrassed.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Northam, if for a moment your words made me misapprehend you."

"Yes, it was perhaps natural they should; and now I have told you so much, it is necessary you should know the whole."

And so, little by little, Cleveland King learned the truth. We will not give it in Mrs. Northam's words, for it was pitiful to see the poor young wife's distress, and how often she had to pause in the midst of her story and wring her hands, as dread, terror, shame, by turns convulsed her.

This was what Cleveland King learned. Her only brother, Calvin Humphrey, had been discharged from college for the remainder of the term, because of some foolish sophomore frolic in which he had been involved, with several other members of his class. He had left the city and gone to some watering place, where he had fallen in among evil men, and into evil ways. He had gambled—he had become very heavily involved in debt; his creditors had been inexorable, and one night after drinking deeply, and stung to desperation by the thought of his debts, he had used the name of his brother-in-law to the amount of four thousand dollars, hoping to be able to redeem the note before it should be due.

But he had lost the entire sum at the gaming table. The note would be due in a few days, and so, driven to desperation, the young man had at last written to his sister, in a state bordering on madness, and he had solemnly declared his determination to end his own existence, rather than confront the disgrace which must follow the discovery of his crime, and Mrs. Northam understood Calvin Humphrey too well to feel that this was on his part an idle threat.

"You will not utterly condemn Calvin because of what I have said?" besought the young wife, as she closed her painful story. He is so young—hardly twenty—so generous and warm-hearted, that all who know him best, love him most; but he is impulsive and impressible, and this has led him into evil company, and alas! into this terrible sin; and now I cannot help him!" and the lady forgot her guest and wrung her hands again.

He was certainly shocked at the story, but all other emotions were mastered by the young sister's distress.

"Mrs. Northam," he said, "I am sorry for your brother from my heart. I shall not think now of the wrong he has done, only of how I can serve and save him." She looked up with such a radiant glow of thanks that there was no need she should speak, although she tried to—tried and failed. "And in order to help him in the best way, I must make a few inquiries which under other circumstances must seem intrusive."

"Oh, sir, you may ask me anything."

"Your husband—does he know anything of all this?"

Mrs. Northam sat so near her interlocutor that he felt at this moment the shiver which went over her.

"Oh, no," she gasped, with a look of terror.

"The truth is, Mr. King, my husband is not

kindly disposed towards Calvin, for my brother strenuously opposed our marriage, nearly three years ago, though he was but a boy at the time, and brought on himself the indignation of Uncle Harry in consequence. I should not dare to tell Mr. Northam. I do not know that even for my sake he would save Calvin, and at all events, he would drive him to desperation. Do not ask me anything more," and once more the lady turned away her white face, and buried it in her hands.

Cleveland King sat silent, while a storm of indignation thundered over his soul. What a glimpse of that poor young creature's married life had she just revealed to him! What a witness that she still held herself loyal to the innermost spirit of her marriage vows, to the name and the duty of wife, was in that appealing cry of hers,—“Do not ask me farther!” Even then she would not betray her husband by one word of reproach or blame—not even then, when he held the honor, the very life of her brother in his hands, and she, his wife, did not dare to throw herself at his feet, and beg the man for her sake to save him, though he would in nowise have missed the few thousands from his vaults, and could with them have saved from anguish, bitterer than death, the wife whom he had taken in her sweet and thoughtless girlhood to love, protect and cherish. Not even then would she speak. Truly this woman was above other women!

And Cleveland King's heart ached as he looked on her and thought of her desolate grandeur, and thought, too, how she had been sacrificed to cupidity and pride, and his heart rose up almost as fiercely against her dead uncle as it did against her living husband. But in a little while he had controlled himself to consider what was to be done, and the best way of accomplishing it, and his voice had a kindly, tranquillizing tone, as he said—

“It will be best for me to see your brother, Mrs. Northam, in order to be of most service to him,” and his remark, going so wide of her last speech, showed how fully he understood and appreciated both it and her.

“Oh, sir, if you only will see Calvin!” her smile, out of its tears, was radiant.

“And you will give me a letter of introduction to him, stating that I am his friend and yours, and knowing all have come to serve him?”

“Mr. King—”

“There, I am not going to let you thank me at all, Mrs. Northam. Indeed, I shall be

rude enough to tell you that I haven't time to hear you; but I shall send a porter for the letter and take the cars before six o'clock. I am a practical man, not much given to sentiment, you see,” and he rose up and had moved half way across the room, when Mrs. Northam sprang to his side, and laid her hand on his arm—

“I have fifteen hundred dollars—you must take that,” she stammered, her face stained with tears, burning with blushes, shame, gratitude, relief, all struggling in her face.

“I have sold the diamonds Uncle Harry gave me at my wedding, and I can raise the rest after awhile. Oh, sir, may God remember you for this day's work.”

He lifted the little hand which lay light as a flake of snow on his arm, and kissed it gravely and reverently, as belonging to another, and without speaking a word went out.

Late that afternoon Cleveland King received a note from Mrs. Northam, enclosing a letter to her brother and the fifteen hundred dollars of which she had spoken. The next morning he was at the watering place where the young student had gone to rusticate the weeks of his dismissal from college. It was not difficult to find his address, and Cleveland King accordingly dispatched a brief note to him, designating the house where he could be found that morning, and referring to his sister's letter, which he enclosed, for all farther explanations.

An hour later, the brother of Mrs. Northam presented himself before Mr. King. He was a slender, fine looking young man, with a family resemblance to his sister, although the soft, delicate features of Mrs. Northam were cut in stronger, bolder lines. It was not a bad face, only the mouth lacked something of character and decision, which years might give it, but which was the key to the weak side of Calvin Humphrey's character; yet the mouth was not weak, after all, only boyish.

But what shocked Cleveland King was the haggard, pallid face of the young student. Truly, the ways of evil had not been to him smooth and pleasant ones. Shame, remorse, anxiety must have eaten deep into the life of Calvin Humphrey's, to have wrought that anguish in his young face, to have filled those dark, hollow eyes with their look of despair. The two men grasped hands, and looked in each others' faces. Cleveland King had one, as I said, that any man might trust. The younger spoke first—

"I have read Ellen's letter," he said. "She tells me that you know all, and that you have come here to help me."

It was a relief to Cleveland King to have the subject opened in this plain direct fashion. It saved all embarrassment on both sides, and the elder had fine intuition enough to perceive that now was not the time for counsel and advice. He wanted to gain a strong hold on the confidence and affection of the young man in whom he had felt so keen an interest, first for his sister's, and now for his own sake. So he answered him—

"I came, sir, for that especial object—to render you what service I could, and here is the proof of it." He drew some papers from his pocket, and slipped them into the young man's hand. "That contains my check," he said, "for twenty-five hundred dollars. You will also find bank notes there to the amount of fifteen hundred, which your sister, having sold her diamonds, was enabled to send you."

Calvin Humphrey drew his hand across his forehead.

"I am a free man now," he said; "I expected to be a dead one before night!"

It was evident that he had been through a terrible experience—one which must haunt him more or less for a lifetime, and out of which he must come a better or a worse man. The terrible incubus was removed too suddenly for the young student to fully realize it. There was no transports of joy over his deliverance, as there would have been had the terror been slighter.

"That was wrong, my young friend," answered the calm, kindly voice of Cleveland King. "But the way you have taken, always leads to that road. You should have trusted to God to deliver you."

"Has God done this for me?" asked the young man, and the hollow eyes suddenly grew damp with tears, and he reached out for the hand of Cleveland King.

"God has done it, my friend," he said, grasping the other. "Carry this thought in your heart when you go out now to use this money, for the purpose for which you understand it is given you."

"I will be back in an hour, and then I will say to you what I cannot until the money is paid."

"Poor fellow—poor fatherless boy!" murmured to himself Cleveland King, as he closed the door after the other, and resumed his walk up and down the room. "And yet, after all, this terrible lesson may prove, under

God, his salvation. His whole nature will be tender and impressible now. I will seize this golden moment for reaching and influencing him for good."

In less than an hour, Calvin Humphrey returned. The haggard anguish was gone now; a new life and joy irradiated his face. He seized the hands of his new friend and wrung them.

"Oh, sir," he said, "do you know you have saved me?"

And even while he spoke, a sudden pallor crept up and vanquished the life in the speaker's face. He staggered and fell back, and if the strong arm of Cleveland King had not been there, he would have fallen senseless to the floor. When the young student opened his eyes, he did not recognize the grave, kindly face which bent over him, nor the voice—soft as a father's—which called to him. The reaction from that long anguish had been too much for the young man's physical and mental powers, after the long strain upon them.

For the next three days he was in a raging fever, which crept up to his brain, and during which he raved continually to Cleveland King, who watched by his bedside. The sick man disclosed much of his character and life during these ravings. His intense dislike of his brother-in-law, whose course, selfish nature his finer instincts penetrated; his tender love for his only sister, whom he regarded as utterly sacrificed by her uncle to a man for whose character she could have little respect or affection—the fact that out of her own allowance she generously defrayed his expenses at college; and all the peculiar temptations to which the young man had been subjected before his fall, were revealed to Cleveland King.

They only served to increase his interest in his pity for the young life which lay so blighted and nearly broken before him. On the third day of his illness, a long and refreshing slumber fell upon Calvin Humphrey, and when at last, towards the close of the sweet autumn day, he opened his eyes and saw the kindly face which bent over him, a look of perplexity and bewilderment filled them. In a little while, however, memory returned, he closed his eyes, and when he opened them again they were laden with touching gratitude for his benefactor.

"You know me?" asked Cleveland King.

"Yes, and all. How long have I been sick?"

"Three days; the danger is over now.

Your physician says you'll come out a new man.

The pale lips of the invalid smiled sadly. Cleveland understood him.

"Yes, my friend, I trust and believe you will be that in a better, higher sense than your doctor means it."

"If I do, I shall owe it all to you," answered the invalid.

"No; give the glory where it only belongs, to God!"

There was a little silence here. Calvin broke it.

"Have you been with me all this time?"

"Yes, my friend, I was bound to see this job through."

And after this the young men had a long talk—a talk which neither of them ever forgot; and Calvin Humphrey learned, then and there, all which had transpired betwixt his sister and his benefactor, and when he heard it, he turned his head softly on the pillow, and tears rained down the pale cheeks, and Cleveland King blessed God in his heart, for he knew they were tears of repentance and healing. At last he said, turning his face suddenly towards Cleveland—

"My precious sister—I wish I could see her!"

"I will write her this very night, so that she may come up and take my place here. I did not mention your illness in the note I despatched two days ago, to be delivered by my porter into her hands. I feared to add to her anxiety."

"Poor Ellen—she would come if she *could*. But I am doubtful about her gaining her husband's permission to do this. The man bears me a deep-seated grudge, and would be glad to annoy me in any way he could, at any cost of suffering on Ellen's part. Still he might not *dare* to refuse, for the looks of the thing."

"Is the man a brute to your sister?"

"Not exactly that, but he is of a coarse, hard, unsympathizing quality, pompous and self-conceited too, and when he is crossed, a tyrant."

"What a sacrifice," said Cleveland King, with a shudder.

"Yes, boy as I was, I opposed the marriage with all my might; and Ellen—poor child—wavered many times. But Uncle Harry, as we afterwards learned, had good and sufficient reasons for desiring the consummation of this marriage, and he argued and plead, and appealed to Ellen's affection for him, and so at last it was done."

"You are exhausting yourself, my young friend. You must not talk any more. I shall write to your sister to-night."

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

He's Coming.

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGRAVING.

Sleep! baby, sleep!

Rest those dimpled, fairy feet
On the bare, brown, rustic seat,
While the weary little head
Showers its silky, golden thread
On a softer, warmer bed,—
Sleep! baby, sleep!

Rest! baby, rest!

'Tis my prettiest muslin dress
That your peachy cheek doth press,
But these precious rings of gold,
Moist with night-dews, half unrolled—
Hiding in each airy fold—
Cannot fade its azure hue—
Close then, pet, those eyes of blue;
Sleep! baby, sleep!

Sleep! baby, sleep!

While I silent sit and look
Far across the moonlit brook—
O'er the meadow—up the hill—
On the pathway to the mill—
Close beside yon rippling rill—
Sleep! baby, sleep!

Rest! baby, rest!

Eyes so bright must not grow dim—
I must watch *alone* for him—
'Tis not yet your weary fate
Thus at even-tide to wait,
Like a lone dove for its mate,
Sleep then, precious darling, sleep!
While my lonesome watch I keep—
Sleep! *sweetly* sleep.

Wake! baby, wake!

You must share my *brighter* fate—
He is almost at the gate!
Raise that pretty, gold-crowned head
From its low, uncurtained bed—
Listen to the well-known tread!

Wake! baby, wake!

Wake! baby, wake!

Let the silken fringes rise
That now veil those starry eyes;
I would have their tender light,
Ever radiant, ever bright,
On your father shine to-night;
He is coming! drawing near—
Coming! coming! almost here!

Wake! baby, wake!

Kings and Queens of England.

RICHARD II.

Richard was the only child of the Black Prince and Joanna of Kent, and succeeded to the throne of his grandfather, Edward the Third, when he was ten years old. The memory of his illustrious progenitors endeared him to the English, and he was crowned July 16, 1377, amidst the acclamations of his subjects.

His three uncles, John of Gaunt, Edmund and Thomas, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, were appointed regents. The triumphant reign of his grandfather had been an age of expensive gallantry and martial splendor; a spirit of luxury and profusion had rendered the nobility rapacious; and to satisfy their wants the poor were oppressed, to which were added heavy taxes which were imposed to maintain the war with France and Scotland; these and other things caused great dissatisfaction among the lower classes, which finally resulted in an extensive insurrection of the peasantry, whose leader was Walter Tyler.

A mob of one hundred thousand men were assembled, who put to death all gentlemen, judges, lords and nobles that were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, and for a time caused great misery; but the admirable presence of mind displayed by Richard, who was but sixteen years of age, and the death of their leader, soon induced them to return to their allegiance, and many of them afterwards died by the hand of the executioner.

This rebellion of the lower classes, when their oppression became past endurance, is far more important than the quarrels of the barons and bishops, and the intrigues of courtiers, which disgrace the annals of almost every reign. They demanded liberty for themselves and for their children, which has been condemned by some historians as insolent and unreasonable; and such it probably did appear to their lordly oppressors; but their object was only that freedom which was afterwards established by the present constitution.

Richard had quieted the people by giving them certificates of freedom; these certificates were revoked as soon as order was restored, and the people were compelled to return to their state of servitude. Richard, though king, was obliged to consent to this unjust act, as he had no power to control the demands of the barons and nobles.

He married Anne, daughter of the Emperor Charles the Fourth of Bohemia; she was

fifteen years old, being one year younger than the king; she was called the good Queen Anne. At her earnest request, when she was crowned, a general pardon was granted to all offenders, by the king. They lived together in the greatest harmony and affection. Richard was exceedingly beautiful, and possessed a kind and generous disposition; he was fond of show and magnificence, and devoted himself to a life of ease and amusement.

When he was twenty-two he refused to be under the control of the regency, and was left at liberty to conduct the business of government, but he had not sufficient energy to be popular.

The political and military transactions with foreign nations in this reign were unimportant. Richard had no ambition to make conquests, but desired to surpass all the monarchs of Europe in show and magnificence. He also aimed at arbitrary power, which was the cause of great dissatisfaction to the people and the nobles. His uncles caused him much trouble; he submitted quietly to the tyranny of the Duke of Gloucester for some time, but finally had him seized, conveyed to Calais, and murdered in prison. The Duke of Lancaster was very ambitious, and after trying in vain to induce Richard to marry his eldest daughter, he persuaded the king to furnish him with an army, with the intention of placing himself on the throne of Castile, to which he pretended to have some claims, in right of his wife; this dispute he settled by the marriage of his second daughter to the son of the king of Castile; his eldest daughter had previously married the King of Portugal; thus the crowns of two kingdoms were secured to his posterity.

Richard regretted the return of the Duke of Lancaster, and soon after gave him the sovereignty of Aquitaine, probably with the design of keeping his uncle and cousin Henry at a distance from England; but the people of Aquitaine would not accept him as their sovereign, refusing to be separated from the dominion of England.

Henry, called Henry Bolingbroke, who had received many favors from Richard, as soon as his father, the Duke of Lancaster, died, conspired against the king, who was not popular at that time, on account of his arbitrary measures and the rapacity of his ministers, and by artifice secured his person and committed him as a prisoner to the Tower, where he was obliged to resign the crown to his cousin, September 29, 1399. Henry of

Lancaster had Richard removed from the Tower to Pontefract Castle, and in a few months caused him to be put to death by assassins. He was thirty-two years old, and reigned twenty-two years. His queen, Anne, died five years before, which was a great affliction, as they mutually loved each other. After her death Richard was betrothed to Isabella, daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, then eight years old. She was called the little queen, and was educated at Windsor. Richard left no children. In this reign Chaucer flourished, who is called the father of English poetry. John Wickliffe, the reformer, also translated the Bible into English during the reign of Richard, and was openly favored by John of Gaunt, then the most powerful man in the kingdom. Joanna, the princess of Wales, the king's mother, was a convert of Wickliffe, and Queen Anne favored the reformation; there were many other proselytes to his doctrines among the nobility and lower classes, who in derision were called Lollards. Under the rule of the pope the English Church were allowed to use none but Latin Bibles, and these were found only in the hands of the priests, so the people could not read the Scriptures.

ANNE AND ISABELLA, QUEENS OF RICHARD II.

Anne was the eldest daughter of Charles the Fourth, king of Bohemia, and Elizabeth his queen. She was the nearest relative to Queen Philippa, Richard's grandmother, whose hand was attainable; she was born at Prague in Bohemia. Richard sent his tutor, Sir Samuel Burleigh, to negotiate the marriage, who went first to Germany to the Emperor Sigismund, who was Anne's brother, and afterwards to the imperial court at Prague, where he demanded her hand of her father for the king of England, to whom she was betrothed at the age of thirteen. Soon as a suitable retinue could be prepared they started for England, where, after a long and dangerous journey, they arrived in safety.

The marriage was delayed, principally on account of the insurrection, for nearly two years. They were married in the chapel-royal of the palace of Westminster, January 13, 1383. At the end of a week they went to Windsor, accompanied by the king's mother, the Princess of Wales, and her daughter, the Duchess of Bretagne, a half sister to the king. The coronation of the queen took place soon after, at London, when her humane intercession put a stop to the executions of the peac-

santry, which had been frequent after the insurrection; and she induced Richard to declare a free pardon to all offenders. This mediation made Anne very popular, and she was always held in great esteem by her subjects.

Anne from her descent was called the daughter of the Cæsars; her complexion, form, and hair were beautiful, but her features were very plain; yet she had so much real goodness of heart, and a disposition so pleasant, that she was greatly beloved by the people. To Anne is attributed the honor of being the first in that illustrious band of princesses who gave their support and influence to the Reformation, though she probably imbibed those principles from her mother-in-law, the Princess of Wales. Anne induced the king to save the life of Wickliffe when in great danger at the council of Lambeth. And history says that John Huss, the Bohemian reformer, first received the works of Wickliffe from Queen Anne. The people of England at this time had reason to doubt the infallibility of the Romish Church, as the unchristian conduct of the two popes, Urban and Clement, who each claimed the chair of St. Peter, caused many to doubt if either was the true vicar of Christ; and they readily believed doctrines that taught good and truth of an higher order, and whose followers led better lives.

Those who were oppressed applied to Queen Anne to mediate for them; and Richard used to say to her, speak, and your wish shall be granted; loth should we be to deny thee any reasonable request. Queen Anne died after an illness of but a few hours, in June, 1394. The king suffered the most acute sorrow at the sudden loss of his beloved queen; she appears to have possessed his whole heart. The funeral of Anne was more splendid than any one ever before seen in England. She was buried at Westminster, on the third of August. Richard's grief was as lasting as it was acute; and a year elapsed before he determined on a monument that he thought worthy the memory of his beloved Anne. He had his own monumental statue made to repose by that of the queen, with the hands of the effigies clasped in each other. The people of England deeply lamented this kind and peace-loving queen, and long hallowed the memory of "good Queen Anne."

ISABELLA.

The union of Isabella with Richard astonished the people of England; to see an infant,

eight years old, sharing the throne as the chosen queen-consort, with a monarch of thirty-eight, was to them an unexpected event; but Richard thought that by the time this little princess was grown up, his grief for his loved and lost Anne would have passed away, and he wished to attend to her education himself.

Isabella was the daughter of Charles the Sixth and Isabeau of France. Isabella was betrothed in Paris, after which the king of France sent to England the Count St. Pol, who had married Richard's half sister, Maud Holland, requesting Richard to meet him at Calais and receive his bride. Richard crossed the sea with the dukes, his uncles, and their ladies and children, and many of the nobility of England. Richard and Isabella were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the Church of St. Nicholas, in Calais. The queen was conducted in great pomp to Westminster, where King Richard was waiting in his palace to receive her, and she was crowned there with great magnificence.

Windsor was the chief residence of the royal child, who was called queen-consort of England. Here her education proceeded under the direction of competent teachers. The king often visited her, which gave her much pleasure, as he was handsome, gay, accomplished, and very kind in his manners, which caused Isabella to love him. When she was eleven years old she had grown tall and very lovely, and the king was much pleased with the progress she had made in her education.

Soon after this Richard was seized by his cousin Henry Bolingbroke, and the young queen was hurried from place to place for safety; but she found herself in the power of the usurper almost as soon as her unfortunate husband. The virgin queen became a widow in her thirteenth year. The French king demanded the restoration of his daughter, but Henry would not agree to it, as he wished her to marry his son, who had become Prince of Wales. This honor she declined, and finally was restored to her parents, and married her cousin Charles, the poet Duke of Orleans.

DELAFIELD, Wis.

Improve every moment to some valuable purpose. Cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures. Reverence the name, the laws, and the worship of God.

Out in the World.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IV.

For two months Madeline lay ill at Mrs. Woodbine's. A portion of the time there had been despair of her life. Then she was removed to her own home.

More than one sweet hope died in her heart during these never-to-be-forgotten days. She came out of them, changed for all the time to come. What guarded explanations of his conduct her husband unbent himself to make, in no degree satisfied her. She did not, indeed, comprehend them. She could not get to his stand-point, and from thence view herself. Her very innocence and artlessness obscured all perception of wrong.

On the part of Jansen, there was regret for the consequences which had followed his too hastily determined withdrawal from the party, and he blamed himself for what he had done. But, pride kept back from his lips and manner a confession of regret, or an acknowledgment of blame. On this whole subject, he was coldly reticent; trying, as it were, to throw a veil over the affair, as something that could not bear the light. So far as Madeline was concerned, she was ready to answer for herself in everything—had no desire for concealment—would have justified herself to the last particular, because she knew herself to be loyal and pure. But, her husband never gave her this opportunity. If the truth, in regard to him, could have been exhibited in clear light, it would have shown such a state of keen sensitiveness touching the world's opinion of what had taken place, as to overshadow considerations that lay at the very foundations of peace and happiness. And this sensitiveness to the world's opinion did not regard his wife's reputation so much as his own. He wished to appear blameless in the eyes of all men; and, must we say it, desired, in his secret heart, that Madeline should stand convicted of wrong rather than himself!

Always, Carl Jansen was, consciously, in the world's presence. Keep this trait of character in mind. He was an actor on life's stage, and the men and women he knew and mingled with socially, or in business, were the audience. He acted badly, you will say, at Mrs. Woodbine's. So he did, and no one knew that better than Jansen himself. It was the smarting consciousness of this that made him cold and unforgiving towards Madeline. He blamed her for what he suffered; and

failed adequately to pity her suffering, because he deemed it deserved and salutary.

Out of sharp mental agonies most persons arise with a clearer moral vision. It was not so with Mrs. Jansen. True, her thought had a wider range; she had developed in some directions in a remarkable degree. But, touching her true position as a wife, perception had not grown clearer. She felt that she had been wronged in her husband's heart, and wronged by him before the world. Nothing was clearer to her than this. She could see it only in one light. What had she done? Nothing evil. In not one line had she swerved from honorable thought or feeling. There had not been the least variableness nor shadow of turning in the needle of her love, which pointed to her husband as its polar star. As of old, she had entered with all the outflowing impulses of her nature into the night's festivities. She had sung with that sweet abandonment of soul common with those who have a passion for music. She had felt the all-pervading sphere of pleasure that filled the atmosphere in which she moved, as she had felt it a hundred times before. That Guyton sought to monopolize her company was something to which she had not given a thought, until summoned so harshly by her husband and virtually commanded to retire with him from the house. Then, as a kind of self-justification, and from wounded pride, she permitted his further attentions. Had there been the feeblest motion of desire towards him—of preference above her husband—she would have started back from him in conscious fear and shame. But being, as we have said, loyal and pure, she did not, in imagination, invest him with any attractions that could hold her regard for an instant of time. He was a pleasant companion; that was all.

Alas for Madeline! Alas for her husband! that she had not come up out of the valley of pain and deep humiliation, with a clearer vision. Alas for them, that both were blinded by natural feeling, and that, alike, they saw obscurely—were alike disposed to self-excuses and mutual blame. There was no outward arraignment of each other—no allusion, even remotely, to that one unhappy circumstance, the memory of which was as an ever-present cloud in the horizon of their souls, dimming the sunlight; but, thought accused.

Each began to perceive in the other a sphere of coldness. The reserve that followed Madeline's restoration to health, increased rather than diminished. On the side of Madeline,

this was attributed to a state of hardness towards her by her husband; on the side of Jansen, it was attributed to willfulness and defect of love. To one thing the husband had made up his mind—reasoning from his own stand-point. It was his duty to guard his wife; to hold her as far as possible away from the allurements of society, and the dangerous association of attractive, but unprincipled men, and he meant to do this. If he had really known the artless, pure-minded woman who had promised to be true to him as a wife, he would not have seen his duty in this direction. But, he did not know her, and what was worse, lacked the perceptive power by which to know her. He had no plummet line that would sound the depths of her real consciousness. And so, standing side by side with her, in the closest of all human relations, she was yet a stranger. For all this, he judged her as inexorably as if the book of her inner life were laid open to him, and he knew every page by heart.

On the return of health, the friends of Mrs. Jansen, who made up a large circle, drew her speedily back again into society. Deliberately, acting from what he conceived to be an imperative duty, her husband began throwing impediments in her way. She stepped over them without pause, acting in part from a spirit of womanly independence, in part from awakened pride, and with something of self-will; yet, chiefly, from an impelling necessity of her life. She was social, and felt drawn towards society with an almost irresistible impulse. There needed to be a warmer atmosphere—more demonstrative love—tenderer consideration—to give home the magnet's power over her. Even these could not have made her content with a semi-cloistered existence. She could love her husband (if worthy of her love); be true to him in all things; be faithful to every home-duty, and yet enjoy society with the keenest relish. But, such was the limited range of Jansen's ideas, that he was not able to understand how his wife could love society, without a decrease in her love of her husband and the love of her home.

"We cannot serve two masters," so he reasoned on the subject, as he turned it over and over in the circumscribed chamber of his thoughts. "If she prefers social life to home life, then she loves society better than her home. If she prefers the company of other men to the company of her husband, does she not put them above her husband?"

So he blinded, irritated, and hardened himself causelessly; and this, simply because he

could not comprehend Madeline. On the other side, Madeline did not comprehend her husband. If she could have looked into his mind, and thus been able to understand something of his peculiar way of regarding things, the result of mental conformation and habits of life, she would have seen it best to deny herself in many things, in order that he might not read her actions as against honorable principles.

Selfish and arbitrary! Alas for domestic felicity, when a wife so interprets her husband! Madeline was not able to give any higher interpretation to her husband's conduct on too many occasions, when, instinctively, self-will, stimulated by pride, nerved her to opposition.

Carl Jansen was not what we call an emotional man. He neither enjoyed nor suffered intensely—nor in paroxysms—never forgot himself in the overflow of pleasure or pain; but he was a brooding man, and would spread his wings over a false idea, warming it into vitality, and bringing into life a host of suggestions falsier than the original; and what was worse, he too often acted on these suggestions as if they were truths. Self-poised, quiet, firm, resolute, he was one of those persons who, after adopting a line of conduct, generally pursue it to the end, bearing down—sometimes trampling down—whatever sets itself in opposition.

Madeline, on the other hand, was, as we have seen, emotional in a high degree. She could enjoy intensely, and she could suffer intensely; and what was peculiar in her case, the dominant wave usually effaced all marks of that which preceded. To her husband she was, on this account, inexplicable. Things that would have set him to brooding—that would have clouded him for days—passed with her as the morning cloud and the early dew. Now it was a rain of tears, and now a flood of sunshine. At dawn in the valley, and at noon upon the mountain top.

It was impossible for a man of Carl Jansen's range of ideas to comprehend such a woman. Narrow men are always exacting of prerogative. He was the husband and the head. Assuming this as the position of superiority, he saw very clearly that it was his duty as the head, to rule, and the duty of his wife to obey. The fact that she had defied his authority at Mrs. Woodbine's could never be forgotten—it was never forgiven. Often since then he had laid his hand upon her to hold her back, as she was moving in ways he did not approve; but as often, she had disregarded the intimations.

Remembering the unhappy consequences which had followed the decided course taken at Mrs. Woodbine's, Jansen had hesitated on the question of assuming, and at the same time maintaining authority. Many times he had resolved to assert the right, held as he deemed, by virtue of the relation assumed in marriage, but not prepared for consequences that might follow, he yet hesitated. Madeline was a riddle to him. The laws of mental action, as deduced from his own motives and consciousness, did not appear to govern in her case. He never knew how to determine the result of forces acting in her mind. It was a mystery to him that she had no sensitiveness to the world's opinion. This was his weak point—"How will it appear?" "What will he think?" or, "What will she say?" Forever, with him, action was coming to this standard, while she lived, and moved, and had her being, in an almost entire unconsciousness of observation.

It must needs be that minds so diversely constituted come, sooner or later, into stern and unyielding antagonism. Nothing but genuine Christian virtues, the growth of self-denial, can save from this unhappy result, and in the case of Jansen and his wife, only natural feelings and considerations had influence.

CHAPTER V.

The two months passed at Mrs. Woodbine's had not been useful to Madeline. Mrs. Woodbine was a person who generally managed to obtain considerable influence over young and ardent individuals of her own sex. She had a great deal of mental magnetism about her, attracting or repelling strongly. Tolerably well educated in the beginning, she had, by reading and intercourse with intelligent minds, enlarged her sphere of thought until it embraced philosophical and social themes. Not being a woman of well-grounded principles, it followed naturally that she lost herself in a region, the exploration of which had been attempted without chart or compass. It was a region however in which she saw much that appeared true, and in agreement with the laws of human life. But as she had accepted theories of social order not based on those immutable laws established for the soul by God, it was scarcely possible for her to attempt the correction of social disorder without shattering, by her meddlesome hand, a hundred delicate fibres, where she brought a single one back into harmony.

Women of Mrs. Woodbine's peculiar charac-

ter of mind, culture and temperament, have generally a large amount of sympathy with those of their own sex who are wedded to "brutes," and "domestic tyrants," and elect themselves advisers to all unhappy women who are indelicate or indiscreet enough to open their hearts to them. If they do any good, it is so largely counterbalanced by harm, that we shall scarcely err in unqualified condemnation of the class.

Of course, an incident so strongly marked as that which befel Mrs. Jansen, could not pass without comment. The fact that her husband went away and left her to return home alone at midnight, was too clear an indication of a serious quarrel, not to be accepted as evidence. Then, the brief conflict in the music room had been observed. Also, the nearly exclusive attentions of Mr. Guyton during the whole evening. A dozen little theories were started, first taking the shape of surmise, and then assuming the form of positive declarations. The ears of Mrs. Woodbine were open to all those, taking them in greedily. It soon became a settled conclusion in her mind that Madeline had a self-willed, exacting young man for a husband, who, unless she early stood to her rights, might reduce her to the condition of a slave. Her beauty, her sweetness of manner, her spirit, her high social qualities, interested Mrs. Woodbine, and she determined to use whatever art she possessed, in order to save her from sinking into the condition of a host of wives, whom she pitied for their helplessness or scorned for their mean submission to a power which in her view they should have cast off and despised.

As soon, therefore, as Mrs. Jansen began to recover from the worst effects of her sudden illness, Mrs. Woodbine commenced the work of poisoning her mind towards her husband. We use a strong but true word when we say poisoning. She did not in the beginning allude even remotely to Mr. Jansen, or the disturbed relation which she knew existed, but proceeded more cautiously, and by a surer way to success. In the first place, she spoke of the social inequality of men and women. She was well posted on this subject, and few men could listen for half an hour to Mrs. Woodbine, without a shame spot on the cheek. Men-made laws and customs, wherever they affected woman, would be shown by her to be the meanest of tyrannies, because they oppressed the helpless. She had peculiar eloquence when on this theme, and was scarcely to be resisted.

Human nature is weak, and in nothing is this weakness—or, if you will, depravity—shown more widely than in a love of ruling or domineering over others. And it too often happens that your emancipated slave of a real or imagined tyranny, gives the first use of his freed hands to binding some weaker fellow. So it was at least with Mrs. Woodbine. She celebrated perpetually, her emancipation from marital subordination, by ruling her husband with a rod of iron. It so happened that he was a peace-loving man, and of inferior mind; one always ready to give way rather than contend. He had married Mrs. Woodbine, because he admired her brilliant mental qualities even more than her personal charms, and he had continued to admire her, even though she too often made him appear mean and ridiculous in the eyes of the world. It was well for Mrs. Woodbine that such was his character. If he had been of a different spirit, they would have lived in fierce antagonism, or been driven apart.

"I am your friend, dear," she said one day to Madeline, who, a month after that unhappy evening, sat up in bed, with the soft glow of returning health just tinging her pale cheeks. Mrs. Woodbine kissed her as she spoke, and looked fondly into her eyes. "Nay, not a friend only," she added, kissing Madeline again—"that word is too cold to express my feelings. In the past few weeks, you have grown into my heart. I love you, my sweet child! You seem like one of my own flesh and blood. Confide in me, as if I were your mother."

Madeline was touched by this exhibition of tenderness, and accepted it as genuine. She had been lying with shut eyes, thinking sadly over the late unhappy affair, and with less of self-justification than before. Some rays of new light were stealing into her mind, and she was beginning to see the relation in which she stood to her husband as less favorable to herself than it had at first appeared. As a young married woman, she might not have acted with due reserve in company. Perhaps she had too completely ignored her husband during the late party. These thoughts were troubling her at the moment when Mrs. Woodbine touched her pensive lips with a kiss, and asked for her love and confidence. Tears filled Madeline's eyes, as she looked up, smiling a sad, but thankful smile, into Mrs. Woodbine's face.

"What troubles you, darling? There is something on your mind." The lady drew her

arm around Madeline's neck, and her head down against her bosom. Great sobs heaved the breast of Madeline; the pent-up trouble of her soul gave way. After a period of sobbing and weeping, she grew calm. In this calm, Mrs. Woodbine said—

"You are young, my child—have just stepped across the threshold of womanhood. Everything is new and strange. Already, I doubt not, your feet have found rough places—have been pierced, perhaps, by thorns. It is the lot of all. Your mother is not living."

"O no. She died years ago."

"And your father?"

"He is dead also."

"Have you no near female relative?"

"None, except an aunt on my father's side; but, there is no sympathy between us. She never understood me."

There followed a pause. Then, speaking very tenderly, Mrs. Woodbine said—

"Let me be to you mother and friend. You have always interested me; and since, by a strange, perhaps not altogether unfortunate circumstance, you have been thrown into the very bosom of my family, my heart has gone out towards you with an irresistible yearning. There is something on your mind. You need a friend. You may confide in me if you will."

Madeline looked with grateful eyes at Mrs. Woodbine. No doubt shadowed her. She accepted the proffer of love and counsel, as if made by one who was the very soul of truth and honor. Ruled by the dominant impulse—such was her character—she lifted the veil that no woman should lift to a stranger; nay, unless in the rarest of cases, not even to a sister or a mother; and let this meddlesome woman of the world see what was in the most sacred chamber of her life.

"I thought so." This was the woman's ejaculation, after Madeline had uncovered her heart, and made a troubled confession of the doubts which had been intruding themselves. She was bewildered in mind, and spoke that she might receive counsel.

"I thought so." It is not surprising, that Madeline looked up at the woman's face, with a countenance full of questionings.

"What?" she asked, a shade dropping over her eyes.

"I thought the trouble was here."

"Where?" The shade was deeper in Madeline's eyes. Mystery always lays a weight upon the feelings.

"Dear child!" said Mrs. Woodbine, with a

new ardor of affectionate interest in her manner, "you are accusing and tormenting yourself without cause. I cannot see, that, as a wife, you have failed in anything. You are true to your husband in every thought and feeling. What more is possible? If more is demanded, who has that more to give? Not you, my child—not you!"

The large brown eyes of Madeline dilated. A look of surprise, mingled with vague questioning, came into them. She did not answer, but kept gazing at Mrs. Woodbine. Dimly the meaning of what was suggesting began to appear. Had she not been true in every thought and feeling to her husband? What more was possible?

"Men rarely understand women." The tone in which Mrs. Woodbine said this was gentle and regretful, her voice falling to a sigh on the last word. "This, however," she added, "is scarcely a matter of surprise; their training, education, and associations are so different. A false idea, strong from generations of predominance in the public mind, touching the position of woman, warps the judgment of every man. He thinks himself superior. Assumes to be the head, in marriage, with the right to rule. Most women—a soulless herd, if I must say it—accept this doctrine, and passively submit. A few, of nobler essence, stand firm. Generally, the waves rush against them. Some are swept away—many abide to the end in their noble defiance of wrong; calm, enduring, grand in their assertion of equality. I have known many such, and I love and honor them."

The countenance of Mrs. Woodbine glowed with fervor. Her fine eyes were full of enthusiasm. Mrs. Jansen looked at her in a kind of maze; half surprised—half startled—half in admiration.

"You, my dear, are one of the noble sisterhood."

Madeline did not start in surprise when Mrs. Woodbine ventured upon this remark. She was in the sphere of the woman's strong magnetism. Nay, instead of being thrown instantly on her guard, she felt something like a glow of pleasure in being so classed.

"Do not understand me, my dear," added Mrs. Woodbine, in a low, penetrating voice, "as assuming that your case is an extreme one, as meaning to prophecy a life of antagonism towards your husband. I do not think him made of the hard stuff out of which some masculines are built into the image of manhood. But, he is a man, and all men have in

them the germ of tyrants. If you permit him to be the master in everything, he will not fail to accept the office of ruler. If you let him see that you are co-equal—possess a soul as distinctly individual, and of right as self-asserting as his own—he will admit your claims, and you will be co-ordinate and harmonious. There will, in the nature of things, be an occasional jar. There has been already. But, if you continue true to yourself; firm in the maintenance of what is your right by nature; never yielding to command—yet always faithful in clearly defined duties, you need have no fear about the result."

"So far," answered Madeline, carried away by her dangerous friend, and seeing in the light of her eyes—"I have not yielded to arbitrary demand. It is not my nature. If I perceive a thing to be wrong, I will not do it. If I see it to be right, and only an arbitrary opposition is set up against me, I cannot be held back. It is my nature."

"So I have read you, my child; and therefore it is that I say, you are one of the noble sisterhood."

Poor Madeline! This woman, at the very first effort, had succeeded in drawing her completely within the circle of her dangerous influence. The proffered friendship was accepted—the solicited confidence given. From that day, during the three or four weeks that elapsed before Madeline could be safely removed to her own home, this enchantress threw deeper and deeper spells around her. For hours she talked with her on the absorbing themes to which she had given so much thought.—On the social disabilities of her sex—on man's dreadful wrongs to woman—on the false ideas that prevailed touching just equality in the marriage bond—on the wife's duty to herself—and topics of a kindred nature.

Unhappily for Mrs. Jansen, Mrs. Woodbine first taught her to think and reason. So far in life, she had been mainly the child of feeling and impulse. A reflective being, in any high sense, up to this time, she was not. She felt, she perceived, and she acted. That was the simple process. But, during these few weeks, Mrs. Woodbine had lifted her into another region—had opened the door into another chamber of her mind. A theory, sustained by facts and reasonings that seemed clear as noonday, had been presented and accepted; and she only wondered that her own thought had not long ago leaped to like convictions. A few intimate friends, who

sympathized with Mrs. Woodbine in her peculiar ideas, were admitted to the chamber of Madeline, and she heard many conversations on the subject to which we have referred, and listened to them eagerly. Thus her mind was led to dwell upon them, and thought to gather arguments in favor of that womanly independence her nature prompted her to assert. When, at last, returning strength warranted her removal, she went back to the home of her husband, changed and matured to a degree that caused her often to look down into her own consciousness and wonder.

We shall not linger to trace all the progressive steps of alienation that too steadily separated the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Jansen. The causes have been made apparent. Two such minds, acting without concession, and without self-denial, must, in the nature of things, steadily recede from each other. And so, unhappily, did they recede.

CHAPTER VI.

They had been married for nearly two years. In all that time, the process of separation went on. This was not apparent to common observers—a few only saw the growing incompatibility. The fascination thrown around Mrs. Jansen by Mrs. Woodbine continued. This woman held her almost completely under her influence. Jansen understood Mrs. Woodbine's character, and did all in his power to draw his wife away from her sphere; but in this he failed altogether, only increasing Madeline's misapprehension of motives by the pertinacity of his opposition. One day some scandalous reports reached his ears, in which the name of a lady was used whom he knew to be an intimate friend of Mrs. Woodbine, and a constant visitor at her house. Mr. Guyton's name was also mentioned. There was, or at least Jansen imagined as much, something in the relator's thought behind his speech, not felt proper to communicate, and his quick inference was, that his wife's name had been in some way connected with the scandal.

"There must be an end of all this!" So he said resolutely, speaking with himself. I have opposed, remonstrated, argued, but to no effect. Madeline has set my wishes and my will at naught. But, this woman must be given up! I can no longer permit an association that is hurting my wife's reputation, if not corrupting her heart. If she be without suspicion and without prudence—if she will not look at danger though it stand in her path, my duty as a

husband compels me to interfere. If love and persuasion avail not, authority and force must come as a last resort."

Jansen felt himself to be the superior and the stronger; and scarcely doubted, that, under a stern assertion of prerogative, would come submission. Within an hour after hearing the scandalous report, he met his wife on the street.

"Where are you going?" he asked, in a tone that was so full of the right to ask, that Madeline's spirit rebelled.

"Shopping," she coldly answered.

Jansen turned and walked in the direction she was going.

"I wish to say a word or two." His manner put his wife on her guard.

"You are not going to Mrs. Woodbine's," he said.

"Yes, I shall, in all probability, go there while I am out."

"No, Madeline, not there any more. Scandals, touching persons who visit at Mrs. Woodbine's, are abroad, and I cannot have your name connected with them. But, we will talk all this over when I come home. In the mean time, do what I say."

Madeline was silent.

"You understand what I mean," said her husband. There was, in his voice, an assumption of authority that roused the pride of his wife.

"Good morning!" she said, abruptly, turning from him and crossing the street.

Jansen was confounded; then indignant; then angry. He read this action on the part of his wife, as a defiance of his assumed prerogative. If there had remained with him any tenderness of feeling towards Madeline, it retired beyond all range of perception, or died out.

In the evening, after tea, he asked, in cold, but repressed voice—

"Were you at Mrs. Woodbine's to-day?"

They had met in mutual reserve, and remained, until this time, almost silent.

"Yes." A simple, quiet, almost indifferent "Yes."

"After what I said?" There was little change in Carl Jansen's tone of voice.

"Yes," in the same indifferent voice.

"I said there were reports abroad touching the good fame of a lady who visited there."

"Well? What of that?" She looked him strongly in the face. Her voice was firmer.

"I have your good fame in keeping—"

Madeline's eyes flashed instantly.

"So, it is my good fame that is compromised! Well, sir!"—Her suddenly rising excitement carried her away, and she became almost tragic in her manner.—"And did you assert your manly right to defend your wife's honor, and punish the false defamer?"

"If my wife," replied Jansen, not deceiving Madeline, "in the face of warning and remonstrance, persists in associating with persons of questionable reputation, I shall not be Quixotic enough to quarrel with every one who may happen to class her with the company she keeps."

"You make a false assertion, sir!" Madeline was growing more excited.

"Take care, madam!" Jansen spoke in warning.

"I say, that your assertion, that I keep company with persons of questionable reputation, is false!" She spoke in a calmer voice, but with deeper anger, and more defiance.

"You must not use such language to me," answered the husband. His usually colorless face was now almost white. But he showed no agitation of manner.

"Guard your own tongue, then," answered Madeline, sharply.

"Surely, if I see a wolf on your path, I may speak without offence! What folly is this to which you are giving yourself over? I am amazed!"

"It is easy enough to cry wolf," retorted Madeline. "But, I do not choose to have my friends so designated. So, I pray you give better heed to your speech. It does not suit my temper. And further, Carl, let me say to you once and forever, that any assumption of authority on your part will not be favorably regarded on mine. You cannot influence me in the slightest thing by word of command, unless it be to act squarely in opposition. So take heed! I will walk in the world by your side, as your wife and your equal; but not a step behind, in submissive acknowledgment of inferiority. I am no slave, sir!"

Madeline drew herself up proudly.

Now, to Carl Jansen, taking his views of the marriage relation, which placed man at the head, as the wiser and stronger, and woman below him, as the weaker vessel, there was outspoken rebellion in this. They had been sitting face to face, the one looking steadily in strong self-assertion at the other. Half confounded, Jansen arose and crossing the room, stood with his back to his wife,

thinking rapidly, yet with thought obscured, and so groping in partial blindness.

Naturally calm and proud—with no great depth of feeling—of a persistent nature, and sternly resolute in walking the ways he thought in the line of right and duty, Jansen was standing now on the Rubicon of his own and his wife's destiny. Was it possible for him to yield in this open contest? Should he move back, or pass over? Behind him, he saw humiliation—the abandonment of right and prerogative—submission to an inferior power, involving disgrace and loss of self-respect,—beyond this Rubicon was a dark void, into the bosom of which sight could not penetrate; yet he knew it to be full of evil things—an abyss of suffering to himself, and of sorrow and shame for his wife.

For a moment, as he stood thus pondering, a good angel uncovered the past, and flooded his soul with the tenderness of early love. He saw Madeline as she had once looked in his eyes, the embodiment of all sweet conceptions—pure, loving, joyful as a summer day. His heart swelled with old emotions. He was beginning to move back from the Rubicon. But a darker spirt was near, and shut the page from view. He was cold, stern, resolute again.

"I cannot sink my manhood! If she drags down ruin upon her head, the blame and the consequences are her own." So he spoke firmly with himself. Turning, at length, he came back, and sat down in front of his wife. She had not moved. He looked at her, and she returned his gaze, with wide open eyes. There was no change in her manner; no sign of weakness. This pricked his feelings like the keen entrance of a dagger point. He felt irritated.

"We cannot live in open conflict, Madeline," he said.

She did not reply.

"For one, I could not endure such a life. It would be a hell on earth."

Still she made no answer.

"Madeline!" The tone was too imperative; too full of the man's self-assertion. There had just come stealing into Madeline's heart a softer feeling—her true woman's nature was stirring. But the lifting wave swept back under this wind of authority.

"Madeline! unless we are both true to our marriage compact—unless the just, heaven-ordained relation of man and wife be faithfully regarded—there is no hope of peace, far less of happiness for you or for me. Con-

sider! Pause, I implore you! Do not advance a step farther in the way you are going. Do not utterly defy me. I cannot bear such a defiance; nor be answerable for the consequences."

The head of Mrs. Jansen assumed a prouder attitude.

"Defiance? I do not understand you!" she returned, in a clear, steady voice. "Does the stream defy the obstructing stone that casts itself blindly into the free current!—or the stone defy the stream?"

She paused for him to answer. But her question only annoyed him. He saw its application, but held the allusion to be irrelevant. There was, on his part, only a gesture of impatience. He grew blinder and harder.

"Equal, Carl, equal!" said Madeline, seeing that he did not answer. "There can be no other peaceful relation between us. From the beginning, you have treated me as though I were an inferior; and my whole nature has been in revolt. For a time, I bore with an assumption of authority over me not warranted by our relation to each other—an authority that was irritating and offensive. But, I shall bear it no longer. You must step down from your attitude of command, and if you wish to influence me, come with reason and suggestion. No other way will suit me. As to the word defiance, as applied to my conduct, I pray you, never again let it pass your lips. You may influence me by gentleness, by kind consideration, by love, Carl, such as you promised me; but never by command. I do not comprehend the word obedience, as touching my free thought and act, except as referring to God!"

"I think," answered Jansen, in a cold, cutting voice, "that the words of the marriage ceremonial, to which you deliberately responded, were, 'Wilt thou obey him, and serve him; love, honor, &c.' The form was not mine. The church made it, and all good men and women subscribe to it as expressing the true relation of man and wife. There was no compulsion. You went, of your own free will, to the altar, and so registered your marriage vows. If you choose to cast them to the winds, the evil and the responsibility must rest on your own head. But, I pray you, in heaven's name, to pause! You have lived with me, now, for two years, and in that time gained some knowledge of my character. I am not impulsive, nor given to quick changes; but I am, by nature, inflexible. I endeavor always to work as close to the right as pos-

sible; and when I am assured as to the right, I move onward, never stopping to question about consequences."

"I have only one thing to answer," said Madeline, her voice dropping to as cold a tone as that which her husband had used. "Take my advice, and stop where you are to question of consequences; or, when too late to question, you may regret your inflexibility. Remember, that 'love has readier will than fear.' Remember, also, that there are natures so organized that they cannot yield to force. Mine is of that order."

She ceased, and waited for him to reply. But he remained silent. For all his consciousness of right, and for all his natural inflexibility, there was something in the tone and speech of his wife, that gave him a warning to pause. He clearly understood her to be in earnest; and saw the abyss that lay before them grow darker and more appalling. So, in doubt as to what he should say, Jansen remained silent. During this silence, Madeline retired from the room, and the subject was closed for that time.

Sleep did not give a clearer mind to either Carl Jansen or his wife. As to Madeline, her intercourse with Mrs. Woodbine and other persons of her school, whom she met in the frequent visits made to that lady's house, had seriously warped her views touching her relation to her husband. The idea of submission in anything, was scouted among these wise women as a degradation of the sex. Of the essential difference between what was masculine and feminine, and therefore of the true relation of husband to wife, they were in complete ignorance. Their ideas of equality gave to woman a range of mental powers exactly similar to a man's, and also a position, if she would but assert her right, side by side with man in every worldly use or station. The mental difference, so apparent to even a child, as exhibited in the ends and action of the two sexes, was not referred by these philosophers to any essential difference of spiritual organization, that limited the uses of each within certain spheres of life, but to false customs and habits, and to arbitrary social laws. And they had resolved among themselves to assume a larger liberty than women usually enjoyed, and especially to maintain an individual independence so far as each was concerned.

Grafting these views upon her natural love of freedom, Madeline's will sent out strange branches, that soon blossomed and bore fruits

of bitterness; and now she was lifting her hand to pluck and eat them. If her husband had been a wise man—one of a broader and warmer nature—he might easily have withdrawn Madeline from the influence of these bad associations; but he was narrow, cold, brooding and sensitive about his rights and prerogatives, and, what was more fatal to happiness in the sensitive relation held towards his wife, he had morbid views of duty, and a false conscience. He could be hard, inflexible, cruel, even, and yet stand self-justified. Of his own acts, he always judged approvingly—always took care, as he said in his thought, complacently, to be right. There was with him also the pride of consistency, and the conceit of a superior manliness, in not being subject to change.

"I am not one to be driven about like a weathercock, by every changing blast of opinion," he would often say of himself, proudly.

Such they were, and now they stood in antagonism, resolutely face to face, in the crisis of their destiny. The chances for yielding on either side were small; yet, one or the other must give way, or the most disastrous consequences would follow.

On the next morning, after a silent breakfast, Jansen said, as he arose from the table—

"I must say one word, Madeline, before I go out."

There was an effort to speak softly—even in a tone of appeal; but far more apparent in voice and manner was the assertion of a right to expect her compliance with what he was about saying. Madeline lifted her head quietly and gravely. Jansen saw, when he looked into her clear brown eyes, an unshaken spirit. For a moment he was in doubt—for a moment he hesitated; then he passed with a blind desperation over the Rubicon on which he had been standing.

"Don't be seen at Mrs. Woodbine's again!" The softness had died out of his voice—the tone of appeal was gone. He spoke as one in authority.

The color went from Madeline's face instantly; her eyes grew hard and fearful; slight twitching convulsions played strangely for a moment about her mouth; then, still as stone she sat, not now looking at her husband, but in a fixed stare past him, as if contemplating the dark future of her life.

Jansen was not moved to any change by this appearance; it rather made resolution

sterner; he had stretched forth his hand to the plow, and would not look back.

"Remember that I am in earnest!" he said, in a warning voice, and went out, leaving the stony statue of his wife sitting at the breakfast table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sympathy.

BY J. WILLIAM VON NAMEE.

"There is a sweetness in a tear
That flows from genuine sympathy,
Which nought this side the tomb can give
In such transcendent purity."

Oh, yes, a sweetness beyond expression; but how seldom—how *very* seldom a tear is shed in genuine sympathy. There are but few true hearts upon the earth, and they are widely scattered. Self-interest and self-love are the ruling motives of almost every act. Many feign sympathy, but few really feel it; and when from among the hundreds—nay, thousands of cold, selfish, unsympathizing hearts, we find one true—one who will shed a tear in genuine sympathy, there is indeed transcendent purity in that pearly drop. It should be prized above the choicest, most costly gems. Its casket should be the inmost chambers of the heart.

The great rush and race to reach the goal of wealth and position, makes the heart selfish and impenetrable. The man of business, whose whole mind is centered upon the acquisition of gold, "has no time to sympathize with others in their misfortunes and worldly ills." Oh, no, he cannot afford to lose a day, an hour, or even a moment. It will add no gold to his coffers; and he presses on through life, hardening his heart to every tender and holy emotion; and if perchance misfortune overtakes him, he looks in vain for sympathy and assistance from those he had called friends; they turn from him as he has turned from others, and leave him alone in his misfortune and sorrow. He will at such a time be able to appreciate a word spoken, a tear shed in sympathy; but he sighs in vain for the blessed boon. Oh, sympathy is a balm to the tortured heart!—it is a jewel beyond compare—a flower dropped from the garden of Heaven.

Yes—

"There is a sweetness in the tear
That flows from genuine sympathy"—

a sweetness only those who have felt its holy influence can appreciate.

Memories of the Past.

BY J. H. CLINTON.

Often at my open window,
When the wayward summer breeze
Breathes around me balmy odors,
Gathered from the blooming trees;
When the ruddy glow of sunset
Through the lattice brightly streams,
Out from memory's haunted chambers
I recall my childhood's dreams,
When I drank rich draughts of pleasure,
Loitering in the woodland bowers,
When no serpent, rife with poison,
Lurked among the opening flowers;
Then arose a cloud of sorrow,
Darkening all my early day,
For my sister pined with fever,
Till her spirit fled away.
From that scene, long years have borne me
On life's ever-ebbing tide,
Yet I see my mother weeping
As she did when sister died.

When my boyhood merged in manhood,
Woman's form entranced my sight,
Heavenly eyes were all around me,
Beaming with love's rosy light;
There was one of all the others
That to me was matchless fair,
In my arms I thought to clasp her,
And—entwined the empty air!
So it hath been with me ever,
Gathering fruit from passion's tree,
I have found it *Dead Sea apples*,
Full of bitterness to me;
And the friends I loved like brothers,
Some are in their peaceful graves,
Some are grovelling serfs of mammon,
Some are mad ambition's slaves;
But my heart still clings to others,
With a faith that time hath tried,
Souls so great that earth can't bind them,
Still we journey side by side.

Late I saw a loving sister,
Stricken with consumption's blight,
Like my early dreams she faded—
Oh, how gently, from my sight!
And I stood by weeping kindred,
By the form so loved in life,
While the coffin-lid closed over
Daughter, sister, mother, wife!
Oh, our spirits must be humbled
By affliction's heavy rod;
Still, though chastened let us cherish
Love to man, and faith in God;
For a calm like summer's evening
Ever soothes the troubled breast,
Thanks to God, His word hath promised
To the burdened spirit, REST.

WEST LEBANON, INDIANA.

How it Happened.

BY J. G. A.

The days of December, 1861, were growing darker and duller, as the last drawn breaths of the year grew feeble and short. Mary Watson, sitting by her fire alone on Christmas Eve, mused upon the probability—as who would not?—of her sitting by that same fire on Christmas Eve of December, 1862. Mary was an old maid.

Now there are many old maids, but not many are there like Mary Watson. For, first, she was perfectly contented. Moreover, she was always cheerful, social, and preëminently unselfish. Which last word we should all do well to ponder.

So, being thus unselfish, it was very natural that Mary's thoughts should wander from herself to her friends. And it happened, though she could hardly have told how, that in the midst of her cogitations, she was moved to take her little lamp, go up stairs, and draw out from an old trunk a package of dingy, yellow letters.

"How long they have been written," she said to herself, and her eyes rested upon them with a fond, half regretful look. She turned them over almost reverently. How differently she had handled them, when, years before, they came to her fresh and white, dropping into the current of her life with their precious burdens of gayety, and sentiment, and love. Mary looked at them till her spirit went back into the land of her youth, a land very radiant, very still and peaceful. How much of its radiance had drifted along with her years? How much of its peacefulness had, could be told by a glance at the unmistakably peaceful face. There are many quiet countenances, quiet from the very sluggishness of the spirit within, but Mary Watson's bore the impress of thought and feeling, deepened now by the letters that nestled in her hand, and as she went down stairs, and seated herself by the little stand to peruse them, there was a peculiar serenity in her face and very movements that never belong to common minds.

One by one the minutes ticked away, the little pile of letters at Mary's right hand grew higher and higher, and that in her lap proportionately decreased. Suddenly she drew a quick, startled breath, and bent curiously over a fair, white envelope. It had never been unsealed! She tore it open, the hand writing, yes, it was plainly that of her cousin, Elsie Watson's husband, Seth Willis, and the

date! There was no mistaking the evidence of her eyes, the date was eight years back, two months after the writer had laid under the melting snows of spring his young wife, and gone back to his desolate home with two sweet children.

"I am very lonely, cousin Mary," he wrote, "and I want my two only treasures with me, but more, I want that they should be taught as their sainted mother would have taught them. For her sake, Mary, for mine, and for theirs, will you take them to the old homestead, the home where I won her, my Elsie, and help them to grow up worthy of such a mother?"

Mary folded the letter with tears, collected her writing materials, and wrote:—

"I do not wonder now, cousin Seth, as I have these eight years, why, since Elsie was laid to sleep, you have not visited her childhood's home. And yet you should have known me better, should have known that I could not have disregarded the letter you wrote at that time. You will hardly believe that I have never seen it till to-night! I cannot account for the mistake by which it has been so long hidden. Elsie's children! O, how often have I longed to look into their faces, to see if I could trace *her* there! But I could not leave home, you know. I have travelled through much of sorrow since I saw you; my parents lie together in the churchyard, but the home that was first Elsie's, now mine, remains the same. The children do not need such care now as you asked me to give them, but at least, cousin Seth, for the sake of old memories, bring them to visit awhile at the old homestead with their mother's

"COUSIN MARY."

Seth Willis was not a demonstrative man, so it was not strange that when two days later, he received Mary's letter, he read it with little perceivable emotion. But it did seem rather strange to his little twelve-year old daughter, that he should afterwards sit and gaze into the bright coal fire so long and steadily.

She came up finally, and rested her hand on his shoulder, from which position she was almost immediately drawn to a seat on his knee.

"Well, Elsie," he said, after she was fairly settled.

"Well, father!" she answered, brightly.

"I thought my little daughter wanted to ask some favor."

"Oh, no," she said, "I was only wondering what you was thinking of!"

Mr. Willis pushed back the hair softly from her sweet, bright face, but did not tell her!

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Peters, the widow who "stayed" with Mary Watson, ostensibly to keep her company, but in reality because this was Mary's delicate way of giving a home to the feeble, garrulous old lady, "if there aint a gentleman, nice lookin' tew, a comin' right up to the front door! I'll be beat, Mary, if 'taint your cousin, Elsie Watson's husband, that was!"

With which comprehensive information, Mrs. Peters suddenly remembering that this was New Year's Evening, and certain extra delicacies were in course of preparation for tea, disappeared, leaving Mary to receive her visitor alone. It was never known, except to the parties themselves, how they met after those years of silence, but it was "a thing to be remarked," Mrs. Peters said, that Mr. Willis seemed more "gentle-like" than she had known him before his wife died. She repeated this to Mary, after their guest had been shown to the "spare chamber" for the night. Mary only opened her eyes at her, and fell to musing.

It was never known, we said, how they met, but it is certain that two mornings later, before they parted, Mr. Willis detained Mary in the parlor some hours, chatting upon old themes of interest. In the midst of this desultory talk, he left his seat, and went up to Mary's easy-chair, leaning on its wide back, yet so he might look in her countenance. Then he broke out impulsively—

"I have come to the conclusion, Mary, that Elsie and Mattie ought to have just the care and counsel now that you would have given them years ago. Could you consent to assume the charge of them now, for a sufficient compensation?"

There was a slight roguish twinkle in his fine eyes, as they met Mary's. But she only wondered!

"If they were little children," she answered, humbly. "But they will be young ladies soon."

"If that is your only objection," he said, bending nearer, "you shall have the children! But it must be on one condition!"

"Well," she said, expectantly.

"That you shall take me, too!"

Mary looked up, and down. Her blush was painful. But it was plain she had no objections to offer!

And this was how it happened that on Christmas Eve of 1862, Mary Watson's seat by her fire was vacant, and Mary Willis sat by a much more cheerful one. Perhaps—Mary thought it was partly that—it was because its light fell upon the faces of her husband and his two fair children.

Before and after the Storm.

BY L. P. MAYER.

A radiant, peerless beauty; faultless form
Arrayed in robes of perfect symmetry,
Each movement one of easy, artless grace.
A fascination in the lustrous eye,
A winning witchery in the joyous smile;
Melodious music in the ringing laugh,
A thought of heaven in the words that fell
Like inspiration from her gifted tongue—
Such was our Angelina before the storm.

The clouds at first were mingled bronze and blue,
And fringed with silver, flecked with shreds of gold,
With here and there a fading crimson bar
Such as an autumn sunset oft displays;
But emblematic as that setting sun,
The beauty soon was gone and darkness came,
The clouds were changed to those of dark portent,
The storm of passion swept across her soul.

She never mentioned his unworthy name,
And yet we knew how thankful she must feel
That she had learned his baseness ere she placed
Her hand in his before the altar-shrine.
More tender now the glance of that dark eye,
A gentler drooping of the trembling lids,
A sadder smile, the music tones more low,
So frail in her ethereal loveliness
She seemed a being from another sphere,
And we, "The stricken one," our Angel named.

PALESTINE, IND.

Earnestness.

"All must be earnest in a world like ours!"
If we would gain a home in worlds on high,
If we aspire to joys which never die,
They must engage our best, our chiefest powers.

We must be earnest! onward, upward press,
Meaning, not merely *hoping*, heaven to gain;
Discouraged not tho' through some desert plain
Our path may lead, or barren wilderness.

We must be earnest! The base treacheries
Of human-kind will lead our steps astray,
And with our best affections vilely play,
Showing falsehood as truth, and truth as lies.

We must be earnest! Difficulties brave,
O'ercome whate'er doth hinder or impede!
Then soon on verdant pastures shall we feed,
And rest by silent waters we shall have.

Letters to the Girls.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

It is a sweet, dreamy morning, birds twittering, roses nodding, and every outward thing tempting to waking dreams and reveries—one of those in which it is so difficult to confine the hands to labor, or the mind to thought. My little niece is with me alone in the room, and she has just exclaimed—

“Oh, dear! dear! I never can get this lesson! A whole page of names, and not a bit of meaning to one of them! I wish the author of the book had been obliged to work for a living every hour, so he could not have written one page.”

I had expected the words; for while I had cut and basted two garments, she had closed her book to pick out the prettiest roses, chirruped to the canary, wandered over a passing stranger five minutes; and even when she reopened her book, her eyes were out on the robin's nest on the maple opposite half of the time, instead of on her lesson.

“What do you find so hard?” I inquire, as I hold up the last garment ready for the sewing-machine, and look over her shoulder.

“This page in geology—divisions in the animal kingdom. How can one remember crusta'ns, acalephs, and forty more such words. If there was any meaning in the names, or they rhymed, I could commit them.”

“Have you looked at the vocabulary or lexicon, I inquire.

“I never thought of that, auntie.”

“Well, hunt up a few,” I reply, as I throw down the curtain, ostensibly to shut out the sunshine, but really to keep the beautiful outdoor world from tempting my troubled scholar.

“Why, crusta'ns means crust—those that have a shell, like the one we stopped to look at the other day, down by the grove. I cannot forget that. And polyps make the coral, you know, that John brought us. It don't seem half as hard now; I believe I can get my lesson.”

An hour later, and she can recite every word perfectly; but in that time she has scarcely taken her eyes off of her book; she became interested, and studied with her might.

Did you ever think, girls, how much there was in doing with one's might? Just look back, and recall the disagreeable task your mother once gave you—to knit a whole stocking. The rounds grew so tedious, the

stitches would drop, and it was too much trouble to replace them; the yarn became dingy, and you were ashamed to have the work seen; and at last, after weeks of loitering, the needles rusted in the stitches. But those nice socks for brother Fred, whose feet would get so cold traversing the lonely sentinel beat, when the air was chill, and the ground icy. Ah, the rounds were not tedious then, though composed of the same number of stitches, and the needles kept as bright as a sunbeam, and the stocking was in the toe before the second sun went down. You did the last with your might, and you see the difference.

But it was so pleasant to knit for your soldier-brother, you plead in excuse. Yes, pleasure is a great motive-power; but let Aunt Hattie tell you, there is a higher, nobler one—duty. So many of you are away at school now; your mothers perform multitudinous labors, that you may drink deep at the fount of knowledge in your youth, that you may feel its invigorating nourishment all your days. Your father misses your merry smiles and light laughter the long years uncomplainingly, for it is for his dear daughter, and he is content. Now what would you think of a gardener that was paid well for his labor, and the moment he was left alone, threw himself on the green sward, because it was a pleasure, and loitered away the hours, till seed-time was past. Shiftless would be the mildest name you would give him, and if his own sustenance for the year depended on what he raised, fool would be added.

But let me inquire if some of you do not act the part of the gardener? Your lessons are so hard, and it is pleasant to sit by the open window, and watch the birds skimming through the air, and the burnished stream beyond the park, that glistens like silver, and, first you know, the bell rings, and your lesson is unlearned. Then comes the temptation to sit by a schoolmate who can prompt you, or hide your open book in the upturned shaker on your knee; and it passes well for that time, and not only then, but for many more, when the temptation to sloth is just as strong; and at last where is the good seed planted in your mind? Alas! like the ease-loving gardener's garden, the soil is all unsown. Perhaps you plead, your mind and time are your own, you are not hired with a price. And there I differ from you. If you are the eldest child, your parents must hope so much from your influence on the younger children, and perhaps for that very reason give you more privileges than is just,

or more than they can hope to do for another child, that your mind may be a fountain of knowledge, like the welcome showers to earth—improving and beautifying all within your influence, or they have been deprived in early years of time or opportunity to acquire learning, and they have lived self-sacrificing lives, that their daughter might have the privilege of becoming wise in scholastic lore. With all their desires and strivings, perhaps is mingled the unquenchable hope that by and by some overflowing drops that you possess, may fall back and beautify and enliven their own lives.

When I speak of one mother, who said she rocked her cradle with one foot, to quiet one child, and held a babe upon her lap, and studied with a book open on the arm-post—when I refer to another, whose hope for years has been that when her child grew up and studied some studies at school, she could apply her mind to the same at home with him, you will not smile at what you might have thought exaggerated views of the desire for learning in those whose whole lives are often passed in one dull routine of sewing, cooking, and sweeping, and other manifold cares. But again, like the gardener, your own mental sustenance must in a great measure depend on what you now acquire. It is true, you can become a vain, fashionable woman, with thought and strength given up to dress, or a gossiping, talkative one, filling your station as the thistle does the highway, an annoyance to all; or you can sink to an insipid, tireless companion, uttering mere common-places, lifting none up higher, but rather dragging all around you to the same dead level; but what being with an immortal mind, if she pause and think, could desire such a life?

BEREA, OHIO.

Misquotations of Scripture.

A fastidious old gentleman once said to us:—"I wish ministers wouldn't quote Scripture if they can't quote correctly. It tortures me to have it mangled." We were obliged to confess that his complaint was a reasonable one, for our own observation attests that in the pulpit and the conference room, the variations from strict accuracy are very numerous. The Biblical Review gives some specimens of citation professing to come from the Bible, which in their common form are not found there:—

They are the following kinds: Those which resemble Holy Writ—mere imitations; those which have additions—falsely called emendations; and genuine Scripture—misapplied.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is a smooth line of Sterne's. The nearest approach to it in Scripture, is Isa. xxvii. 8: "He stayed His rough wind in the day of His east wind."

"In the midst of life we are in death."—Common Prayer. Yet it is said the celebrated Robert Hall chose it as a text for a funeral sermon.

"Not to be wise above what is written."—Used to repress undue anxiety to comprehend the higher mysteries of Christianity. Has no place in the Word.

The oft-quoted phrase—"Seals to his ministry and souls for his hire." A metaphor; whether approved or otherwise, it is not Scripture.

A very objectionable form is often used in prayer—"That the Spirit of the Lord would go from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel." This phrase, if properly considered, would tend to lower our conceptions of the omnipotency of God, and does not convey a correct idea of the influence of Divine grace in the hearts and minds of men. It is not Scripture.

Kindness to animals is often enforced by—"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Something like this may be found in Prov. xii. 10—"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

"A nation shall be born in a day." There is no such prediction either in the Old Testament or the New. The only Scriptural passage like it is Isaiah xlii. 9—"Shall a nation be born at once?"

"Owe no man anything but love," is a mangled quotation of Romans xiii. 8—"Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

Psaln cxxx. 7—"With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption," has often appended to it—"that He may be sought unto."

As to the liberties taken with the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostolic Benediction, II. Cor. xiii. 14, their name is legion, and all persons who, up to the time of reading this article, have been in the habit of digressing from the authorized version, would do wisely by making sure of a better before they do so, and not tack on the conceits their own vanity may suggest. It may be well to remember in regard to all the works of the Deity—Prov. xxx. 6—"Add thou not unto His words, lest He reprove thee."

LAY SERMONS.

Through the Valley

AND UNDER THE CLOUD.

Do you remember Victor Hugo's portrait of Mademoiselle Baptistine?—"Her whole life, which had been a succession of pious works, had produced upon her a kind of transparent whiteness, and in growing old she had acquired what may be called the beauty of goodness. What had been thinness in her youth had become in maturity transparency, and this etherealness permitted gleams of the angel within. She was more a spirit than a virgin mortal. Her form was shadow-like, hardly enough body to convey the thought of sex—a little earth containing a spark—large eyes, always cast down; a pretext for a soul to remain on earth."

We often find a close resemblance in faces and characters, but never an exact likeness. The identity is nearly perfect in certain particulars; but differences enough are always apparent to show distinct individualities. When I met Mrs. Montour after a separation of twenty-five years, I was instantly reminded of Mademoiselle Baptistine. If I were to draw you her portrait with the exactness of a painter, you might not detect anything beyond the remotest likeness to the sister of M. Myrial. But, for all this, I never think of her without a suggestion of Mademoiselle Baptistine.

After a divergence of full twenty-five years, our paths through life bent towards each other, and touched again. She was fifty—widowed and childless. At twenty-five, when I last saw her, she was a young wife and mother, dwelling in sunshine. The world's promise was very fair. Among all my early friends, I do not remember one about whom were gathered so many external things out of which to build contentment and happiness. And she was one who enjoyed to the full measure.

I remember seeing her at an evening party in the days when her skies were brightest. She was handsome, and dressed for effect. Just a little vain of her face and person, she courted admiration, and it was yielded in full measure. Young and old paid the tribute she asked. What a picture of joyous, affluent life she was! What a sunny face she wore! What chords of music were in her tones! How queenly was her manner; yet with that gracious condescension which conciliates, and puts every one at ease.

"Do you always live in sunshine?" I said to her, in compliment of her joyousness—that word expresses the state in which her soul appeared to dwell.

"Is not the sunshine best?" she asked, as light went over her face. "Why should I gather shadows around me? Flowers grow in the sunshine—fruit ripens in the sunshine. I thank God for the blessings I have, and show my thankfulness by enjoyment."

She spoke almost lightly, I thought, and yet, there was a manner that impressed me. When I say lightly, I do not mean with levity. There was nothing of levity about her. As she felt, so she expressed herself by outward signs, and in these was visible a heart that overflowed with happiness.

"All this cannot last," I found myself saying. "The days of our lives do not come and go in perpetual sunshine; nor do spring and summer always remain. Clouds and storms—autumn and winter appear in their time; and who shall escape them?"

And I looked at her, as she moved away, leaning on the arm of a friend, and sighed faintly—sighed for the laughing eyes that must grow pensive, if not sad; and for the light of joy that must, in time, fade from about the musical lips. And my sigh was deeper, because of her entire confidence in the sunshine.

We parted soon after, and did not meet again, as I have said, for many years—so many, that we had become almost as strangers. I had heard of the clouding of her sky; of the rains which had fallen into her life; of the dreary winter that had followed so bright a summer; and she had received that passing throb of sympathy which hearts that have endured, give spontaneously to the suffering.

I did not recognize at once the white, pure, transparent face, that shone with the beauty of goodness, when I met my old friend, after twenty-five years of separation. It was no less striking than in life's sunny springtime—no less expressive of internal states; but this was the difference: it was joyous when I saw it last; now it was tender and serene as the face of an angel—a half transparent curtain, through which you saw the peaceful soul.

"Not Mrs. Montour?" I asked, doubtfully, as I took her hand.

"Yes." Simply yes, said calmly and with a smile that did not fade from her lips; a smile that lit her face from within, like fire in the heart of an opal.

Have you ever thought about the different ways in which different persons affect you, simply by their presence; and before you have had an opportunity to form any just idea of their character? How one attracts and another repels? How one stirs in you the latent evil, and another the latent good? How tender and pious emotions are felt with one, and sterner and colder feelings with

another? It is a common experience, and grounded in a law which, in the outer world, gives to the natural sense a perception of the quality of natural objects from the sphere, or odor, that surround them. Every natural body has a natural sphere, that gives token of its life and quality, and is perceived by the natural senses; so, likewise, has every spiritual body—every human soul, spiritually organized and clothed with spiritual substance—a spiritual sphere affecting our spiritual senses, and perceived by us with a distinctness that every one's experience can verify.

In meeting with Mrs. Montour, after our long separation, I was sensibly affected by this sphere of her quality. Around her there seemed to float a pure and tranquil atmosphere. All the better elements of my nature were in motion, at the touch and penetration of her sphere.

"If I have heard aright," I said, answering to her simple "Yes," while I still held her thin hand, "If I have heard aright, your way in life has not always been through green fields, and beside still waters?"

"No,"—the smile did not fade from about her lips—"I have had rough as well as smooth places. My path has descended, going down almost into the valley and the shadow of death; and it has also 'Touched the shining hills of day.' God's ways are not as our ways."

"Not as our ways," she repeated, and as she did so, her face lighted with an expression of trust and hope, that made it beautiful.

Afterwards I said to her,—we had been talking familiarly of the past and of her life, when its springtime was so luxuriant: "Did you dwell long in the valley after your feet went down, and the darkness gathered above your head?"

She sighed, as memory touched this past experience.

"Not long in its deepest shadows and lowest places," she answered. "Why should I remain there? I had dwelt too long in sunshine, to be content with gloom and night. And so, when a true friend, sent of God, came, and taking me by the hand, said: 'Come, this is not the place where your soul should dwell. There are mountains beyond, bright with perpetual day. Your beloved ones are there. Do not linger here, in loneliness, in darkness, in self-tormenting sorrow, when you may be with them, and share their blessedness,' I arose, feebly and wearily, and tried to move onward. In other words, unclasped my idle hands, and forced myself to serve. Hitherto, almost everything had lent itself to the service of my life. I had been taking, but rarely giving. Now, a new order was begun. If we are willing to serve, we shall not stand waiting long. I did not wait many days, after light broke upon my mind, and showed me the way leading out of the valley and shadow of death! Something died in me before I left the valley—died and was buried there. It belonged to the old natural and selfish life. And something

was born in me there—a new and higher life—born in me when I unclasped my idle hands, and, looking up, said: 'Lord, show me the work, and give me the strength.' I found the work all around me, and the strength came. Even as I reached forth my hands, it seemed as though I could feel the bonds loosening that held my soul. There was a motion within me as though pent-up and burdening waters had found an outlet, and were flowing forth in quiet currents. Light came down into the valley through rifts in the cloudy canopy. My feet were in motion. The path, almost hidden, grew plain to my sight, and in due season, I passed through and came out on the other side."

"Better this—oh, a thousand times better," I answered, "than to sit bowed in the valley of grief and sorrow, a self-tormented complainer! You are not only happier yourself, but, through service, have made others happier."

"Through service," she said, "my own heart has been strengthened and comforted. I have given of my natural life, but God has, in return, bestowed spiritual and eternal blessings. I know I am wiser than I was; and I trust, in His divine mercy, that I am better than I was, and so better to join the beloved ones who passed by the river of death into heaven, a little while before me."

I could not keep my eyes from her face during our conversation. Its pale, pure tissues transmitted the light that was in her soul, and shone with a heavenly lustre. In her early life I had thought her very beautiful; but the beauty of her springtime faded before the higher beauty of her ripe and tranquil autumn.

Fair reader, just blossoming into spring, or ripening into summer, there is an autumn for you as for all; and your feet, like the feet of every mortal, must go down into shadowy places. Take up into your thought the lesson of the life of my friend—dwell upon it; try to comprehend its full of significance. Even while she is walking the earth, she is entering heaven, and dwelling in spirit with angels. When dark days come, do not sit down with idle hands; do not brood hopelessly over sorrows and troubles out of which spiritual life and spiritual joys may be born; but, like Mrs. Montour, unfold your closed arms, and look up, saying as she said, "Lord, show me the work and give me the strength." And in doing His work of love, you will find angelic life, and grow into celestial beauty.

T. S. A.

We injure ourselves more than our enemies by indulging hatred towards them.

The best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.

We should not forsake a good work because it does not advance with a rapid step. Faith in virtue, truth, and Almighty goodness, will save us alike from rashness and despair.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Children's Sunday.

BY J. E. M'C.

"What a long day Sunday is," sighs almost every mother of little children. It is very hard to make it a day of rest and profit, with three or four little ones to be looked after, and interested, and kept within Sabbath-day bounds. They must be taught, and that quite early, to see a difference between God's day and all the rest of the week; yet it is of the greatest importance that they should have some pleasing substitute for their week-day amusements. It requires an effort, mother, but it is worth an effort. You will reap your reward in future years, when your children grow up around you, honored and useful Christian men and women, because your hand planted the right seed in their tender years. You will reap your reward when the Master bids you welcome, as one of His "good and faithful servants." Ah, He who trod the thorny way before us did not promise us a life of ease and self-indulgence. The Christian should be always seeking to do his Lord's will. And what sweeter trust could He give to a woman than the charge "feed my lambs," and especially when the lambs belong also to her own little fold.

Provide abundantly for your children scriptural books and pictures, even if you are obliged to sacrifice something of less value to obtain them. I do not know of anything children love to hear better than the sweet Bible stories, in a little book called "Peep of Day," to be had at any Tract Depository, and the simple rhymes of a collection called "Songs for the Little Ones at Home." Hundreds of mothers' hearts have blessed the compilers of these little books. Do not give way to impatience though your little ones beg to hear over and over the same song or story. Remember "the posts of time run swift," and soon your boy will think himself quite too old for such baby stories. Now while he will listen, count every hour in which you can instruct him as so much choice gold. Do not lose the smallest portion, and you have the blessed assurance that you shall reap as you have sown. Such memories will be a spell to him in future years, when the tempter's voice is heard.

All children love stories. Make it a part of your Sabbath duty to tell them some Bible narrative, in a manner as interesting as possible, and if you have a picture to go with it, the impression will be greatly deepened. Do not feel that you are incompetent. A mother is not diffident before her own children. They will never think to criticise your style of storytelling. Let the Word "dwell in you richly," and there will be no difficulty. So classify your teachings that you will in time give them a general plan of the Bible; and, above all, of the great foundation

principles it is given to teach us. Encourage your children to converse with you freely, to ask you questions, and give their own views on the subject before them. Early accustom them to accompany you to the house of God. A habit of church going is one of the greatest importance, and if formed in childhood will scarcely ever be shaken off. Who of us that were brought up to attend church regularly in our childhood, but regard it a neglect of duty to stay away, unless obliged to do so. And in this particular I have often noticed that the promise holds good, "those that honor me I will honor." Any one can see what a marked difference there is, even in a worldly point of view, between those families in a neighborhood who are habitual church-goers, and those who spend the day in idleness, visiting, or laboring.

A man distinguished in the legal profession said he could easily recall the success of any week by remembering how the preceding Sabbath had been spent. Grandmother's verse is as true now as when she used to repeat it to us.

"A Sabbath well spent, brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow,
But a Sabbath profaned, whatever is gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

Treatment of Infants.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Infancy is marked by a period of helplessness; but much more so when subjected to disease. The moans of the suffering infant excite the heart of the mother with pity; and she often thoughtlessly resorts to the administration of many injurious remedies to allay or cure.

Many inarticulate cries of young children are not indications of disease, and resort should not be had to medicines until unmistakable symptoms of disease appear to linger without abatement.

The crying of infants, when not too protracted or severe, are necessary to a perfect development of the lungs and exercise of the organs of respiration. These exercises of the respiratory organs circulate the blood and other fluids more uniformly; promote digestion, nutrition, and the growth of the body.

The noise of an infant is not always a claim upon our assistance, or an admonition of want, and should not always be thus regarded by the parent or nurse. Infants should not be exposed to colds by being carried about in the night, or by lying in drafts of cold or damp air. Impure air is destructive to the life and health of infants, and is often the cause of their uneasiness in the night; and their sleeping-rooms should be well ventilated by the admission of pure air, without exposure to cold or damp currents.

Children that are loosely and properly dressed,

fed regularly on healthful food adapted to the wants of infants, allowed to kick, cry, and exercise their natural faculties without restraint, thrive better; and unfold their faculties sooner, acquire more muscular strength and vigor of mind, than those that have been constantly favored with the most solicitous attentions.

That children may become free and independent agents, their moral and physical powers ought to be spontaneously developed. They need not always be carefully tended, every cry immediately stopped, unless in case of actual disease, when due attention ought to be paid to their cries or moans.

Infants require much sleep, especially for several weeks, and should not be disturbed, fondled, or excited into wakefulness. Sleep promotes a more calm and uniform circulation of the blood, facilitates the assimilation of the nutriment received, contributes towards a more copious and regular deposition of alimentary matter. The horizontal posture is most favorable to the growth and development of infants.

Children should not be hastily awakened, or with noise. Teething or sick infants cannot sleep in the midst of much noise, such as is often made by older children, loud talking, or otherwise. The nervous system is very irritable during this period, and many children suffer extremely with inflamed gums, excessive determination to the brain, causing convulsions, &c.

To allay the inflammation of the gums of teething infants, bits of ice may be held in the mouth, and rubbed along the gums, or bitten by the infant. The ice must be sufficiently large to be held with the fingers of the nurse or mother. This may be often done, with great benefit to the child, sometimes preventing long and tedious suffering, convulsions, and sometimes death. When the teeth are not sufficiently advanced to be seen through the

gum, the ice must be gently rubbed thereon; but when the tooth can be seen, a little hard pressure quickly drawn over the top of the gum with ice, or a hard bit of loaf sugar, will scorchify the gum, produce but a slight pain for an instant, and prevent much suffering.

Infants are greatly benefited by being rubbed all over with a cloth dipped in warm water, followed by a dry cloth, at night. This should be done before feeding them, and not immediately after, as is sometimes practised from the idea that it "makes no difference." A warm bath may be resorted to in the morning before feeding them. When this cannot be conveniently done before feeding them, it should not be done till an hour or so after. Bathing and rubbing the body tends to equalize the circulation of the blood, invigorate the muscles, tranquillize the nerves, procure sleep, and preserve health.

Milk is the most natural food for infants. When not derived from the mother or a healthful nurse, it should be milk from a healthy cow. Milk from diseased cows, or adulterated milk, is highly injurious as food.

When pure, healthful milk cannot be obtained, other soft and easily digested food may be substituted. It is wrong to feed children everything that grown people eat, or feed a great variety at one meal.

Acids should not be eaten with milk, as they cause the milk to curdle in the stomach, producing many unpleasant feelings. Onions, spices, tea, coffee, greasy food, hard and raw fruits, should not be fed to children. Ripe, cooked fruits, soft, fresh vegetables, and stale bread, boiled or moistened in water, or the juice of fruits, may safely be eaten if due regard is paid to the nature of the articles given at a meal or in one day. When milk is given let no acid fruits be given with it, or given that day.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Willie's Troubles.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

School was out, and Nettie Irving stood at the window watching for her brother Willie, who was unusually late, and as she caught a glimpse of him on the opposite side of the street, she ran quickly to open the door, just in time to see him shake his fist threateningly at a boy about his own size, and hear him say—

"I'll give it to you to-morrow, mister, see if I don't!"

"What is that, Willie?" asked Nettie, as he came up the steps, his face the very frontispiece for a volume of misfortune.

"Who is speaking to you, I should like to know?"

he replied roughly, as he brushed past her and entered the parlor.

Nettie's face clouded, and the tears came into her soft, blue eyes, for she loved her brother very dearly. He was sitting moodily in the parlor when she entered, and he looked so cross and unnatural Nettie dare not speak to him, but passed on to the open piano, where she had been practising, and sat down.

"Perhaps if I play him that pretty, new song, he will feel better," she thought. "He always likes to have me play or sing to him when he comes home from school," so she run her nimble fingers along the keys in the soft, sweet prelude, and was just ready to join her voice with the charming accompaniment, when Willie spoke out sharply—

"I wish you would stop that tormented drumming. Nobody asked you to play."

Nettie's fingers dropped instantly; she turned around upon her stool and sat motionless a moment, then moved noiselessly across the room, and Willie heard her soft footsteps on the stairs and along the upper passage, and when she opened the door of her own room, a quick sob, as if she had held her feelings in check as long as possible.

"Well, I've done it to-day, I guess; half the boys in school are mad with me, and now I have almost taken Nettie's head off. O dear, that is where all my good resolutions come to."

"Why, has my little boy got home?" said Mrs. Irving, opening the door at that moment. "I have been down town, and came up by your school-house on purpose to walk home with you, but I thought your school was not out, so I made a call on my way home."

"Yes, it was out, too, but I was kept."

"Why, Willie, how did that happen? Did you not have your lessons perfectly?"

"No, and I was tardy besides."

"You left home in season, did you not?"

Willie did not answer, but kept working his feet under the hearth rug, and looking down at them steadily.

"What is the trouble, Willie? You look as if you had no friends in the world."

"I haven't, as I know of."

"Willie!"

"I suppose you are," he said apologetically, "but I guess you are the only one. Everybody is put out with me but you and father."

"What has happened to make you feel so wretched, my child?"

"Well, you see, mother, it is just this. Last night, before I went to sleep, I got to thinking over the things I had done through the day I ought not, and thinks I, now to-morrow I will try very hard and not do one thing I shall be sorry for; but when I got up this morning I forgot all about it, and never once thought till I came in from school. My resolutions don't amount to much, any way."

"What have you done to-day that you regret?"

"From beginning to end I have gone wrong. Some how, things did not go right all the morning at school. I missed two or three times; the teacher was cross to me. But the worst came this afternoon. Just after I started for school the fire bells rang, and pretty soon a lot of the boys came running along, and called, 'Come on, Will, we are going to the fire; plenty of time before school;' and I did not mind what you had told me, never to go to a fire unless some older person was with me, but followed on as fast as I could. It was away down to the North End, ever so far, and after all there wasn't anything to be seen but a little black smoke, and ever so many people. I knew it was past school time, and I kept coaxing the boys to go, but they wouldn't for a long time; and as soon as they

started they began to plague me because I was such a scarecrow about everything. George Lovell said: 'Well, you missed to-day, and I'm glad of it, ain't you, boys?' They all said, 'Yes,' and then George took off his cap and said, 'Three cheers for Tot Irving!' When I got to school, I couldn't study a bit, the letters all run together so; of course I could not say hardly any of my lesson; the teacher punished us all, and we had to stay and recite after school; but the minute we got out, George Lovell set the boys all on again, and they called me names and everything. I wish George Lovell was dead and buried. I'll give him something to-morrow he won't forget, I'll bet!"

"Is this Willie Irving, or some wicked fairy, come in the shape of my usually gentle boy?"

"Why it is me, mother, and not exactly me either; but I want you to promise me that I needn't go to school any more. It is a great deal easier to be good when I am at home with you. You can fit me for college, can't you?"

"Perhaps I can, as far as book knowledge is concerned; but if I keep you here with me, and do not let you get toughened by contact with the world, you will not be fitted to encounter the temptations you will find there."

"I will risk it. When I get big enough to go to college I shall not have any trouble."

"You think you will obey the commandments when you get there, do you?"

Willie looked up into his mother's face with a puzzled expression, as much as to say, "have I broken them."

"Repeat them to me, Willie, and see if there are any you have broken."

Willie commenced slowly,—"God spake these words, and said, I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods but me." Haven't broken that," he said, with emphasis on the last word.

"Go on," said Mrs. Irving.

Slowly Willie repeated them, pausing inquiringly at the end of each, till he came to the fifth.

"Is that the one?" he asked. I don't know as I quite honored you when I disobeyed you this afternoon."

"It was hardly the one I meant, but you will do well to remember and heed it. What is the next?"

"Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not—"

"Stop a moment, Willie, till we talk a little about the sixth."

"Why, of course I haven't broken that. I haven't killed anybody."

"Did I not just hear you say, I wish George Lovell was dead and buried?"

"Yes; but that wasn't killing him."

"In your anger, did you not think you wanted to kill him?"

"Yes, I did. I told him I would kill him."

"Well, Willie, God looks upon you as a murderer. You have fallen out with one of your little playmates—"

"He begun it."

"Very well, did not the wicked men who put the Saviour to death begin it, and yet did He not say, amid all their bitter taunts, their cruel tortures, 'Father forgive them'; and cannot my little boy be enough like the blessed Jesus to say that?"

The tears began to run down Willie's cheeks, but he did not speak.

"Poor little Georgie, you have fine times playing ball and marbles with him. If he was dead you would miss him very much, and his empty seat in the school room would look very lonely, wouldn't it? I dare say he is sorry by this time. You forgive him now, don't you?"

"O yes, indeed I do; I wish it was morning now, so I could tell him. It shall be a better day to-morrow than it has been to-day."

"Don't trust in your own strength too much. I am afraid you did not ask God to help you this morning."

"No, I did not, but I will to-morrow."

The tea bell rang and ended the conversation. Nettie was coming slowly down from her room, and the moment Willie caught sight of her, he ran to her, and, clasping both arms about her neck, whispered—

"Do forgive me, Nettie, for being so cross. I must hear that new song just as soon as supper."

There was an exchange of friendly kisses; it was all "made up," and hand in hand they went out to the cheerful supper-room.

Willie stood by the window the next morning repeating to himself the sixth commandment, and chanting in a low voice, "Lord have mercy upon me, and incline my heart to keep this law," when George Lovell came slowly along the street.

"Georgie, Georgie," shouted Willie, tapping upon the window, "wait for me, wait 'till I get my geography."

Mrs. Irving smiled, and went to the window to watch the meeting between the two boys. Willie bounded down the steps and held out his hand.

"We are two big fools to get mad with each other," said Willie, bluntly.

"I know it, Willie," responded George, grasping lightly the proffered hand. "I was so sorry last night I used you so, I cried myself to sleep. I never will do so again, if you will just forgive me this time, and I won't let the boys plague you either."

Happily the two went on to the school-room, and the other boys seemed to have forgotten all about it, for they greeted Willie cordially; the teacher smiled and called him her dear little scholar, and everything went just right with Willie that day.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Look over the Old Wardrobe.

BY J. E. M'C.

Hard times are here—harder than ever before as far as prices are concerned, and, "wherewithal shall we be clothed?" is becoming a serious question in families who heretofore have never known real privation. Now is the time for careful economy and prudent forethought on the part of thousands of mothers. If new garments cannot be bought, what is there already on hand which can be remodeled into useful form? Would not a day given to such investigation be profitably spent? Is there not an old dress or two laid aside, which you never wear, that might make over nicely for your daughter; and would not the pieces left over, by a little calculation, make a good warm jacket for little Frank. Are there not a plenty of old stockings, or knit under-wrappers, in the old wardrobe, to cut over into stockings for the children? If nicely made, no one could tell them from new ones. Just cut a pattern of that baby's shoe in your magazine, and make a snug little pair of lined cloth ones by it, and see if they do not keep the dear little feet as warm as mice all winter without a penny's expense. Father's cast-off clothing will help clothe

the boy's capably if you will only go to work resolutely, with *good patterns* by which to cut them. If you have never tried it you will be surprised to see how easy it is to make a child's hat or bonnet, after simply buying a frame and gathering together your odds and ends of silk, ribbon, and lace. I know a mother who has made over a nice velvet hat three winters for her child, the material in the first place being pieces cut from a worn-out vest. Rag carpets will need to stand still for a time, and the multitude of good garments which thrifty housewives yearly strip up and fashion over into this substantial floor covering can be much better expended. Don't make rag carpets this year we beg, kind mothers and housekeepers, but save every old garment that will hang together, for the suffering poor, who will bless you for it. This first bleak snow that patters over the yellow oak leaves before my window, suggests sad thoughts of the suffering which the pinching blasts will bring to thousands of homes. All winter long there are bare feet on the city pavements to which a pair of worn-out shoes would be a precious gift. There are blue, pinched shoulders which would rejoice in the protection of even the raggedest jacket. There are many institutions which dis-

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tribute such charities, and the kind editors of our papers or magazines are ready to furnish any needful directions to those at a distance who are desirous of making any such donations.

THE WAY TO MAKE AN OMELET.—It is surprising that a dish so easily prepared and so delicious as omelet, has come into use to so small an extent in this country; there are extensive districts where it has never been heard of, and many housekeepers who meet with it in their travels, never have it upon their own tables, because their cooks do not know how to prepare it.

Omelet is simply eggs beaten and fried in butter. Break three fresh eggs into a bowl, add a little pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of water, and beat the eggs thoroughly. Then put a tablespoonful of good butter into a flat frying pan, and hold the pan over the fire with the handle a little elevated, so as to incline the bottom at a small angle. As soon as the pan is warm pour in the eggs, and as the mass begins to cook, run a case knife under it to keep it from burning to the pan. As soon as the surface is about dry, fold one half of the omelet over the other, and it is ready to serve. It can be made in five minutes, and is an exceedingly delicate and delicious morsel.

MENINGES.—Take the whites of five eggs, and after beating them to the strongest possible froth, mix with them half a pound of the finest sifted loaf sugar, mixing it in by degrees. Flour or sugar some sheets of writing paper, and then with a tablespoon drop the mixture upon the paper in the form of a half egg; put them in the oven until they assume a light brown color, and are firm to the touch. When cold scrape out any remaining moist in the inside of them, and fill them with whipped cream, flavored with vanilla. They should be baked in a slow oven, and the only difficulty in

making them is the expedition required when dropping them on to the paper, as the sugar melting will cause the cakes to spread instead of retaining the shape of the spoon as they ought. They are excellent when filled with preserves instead of cream.

LADY HUNTINGTON'S PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk—from this reserve enough to wet four heaped tablespoons of flour—mix the flour very smoothly with this milk, boil the remainder of the milk, and add four well-beaten eggs, a little salt, and the flour. Boil a few minutes, stirring with energy. Wet your pudding dish, and put the pudding in it, sift over it half a cup of white sugar. Put half a cup of wine and half a cup of sugar together, and pour over the pudding as it is sent to the table. Eat cold, and if properly made, you will confess it to be one of the most delicious puddings in the whole world of cookery.

TO RE-JAPAN OLD TRAYS.—First clean them thoroughly with soap and water, and a little rotten stone, then dry them by wiping and exposure to the fire. Next get some good copal varnish, mix it with some bronze powder, and apply with a brush to the denuded parts. After which set the tea-tray in an oven at a heat of 212 or 300 degrees, until the varnish is dry. Two coats will make it equal to new.

FIG PUDDING.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. figs, pound them in a mortar, and mix gradually with them $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread crumbs, and then 4 oz. of beef suet, minced small, and the same quantity of pounded loaf sugar. These ingredients must all be bound together with two well-beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of new milk. Put them into a buttered mould, and boil four hours.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Taking Cold.

[We copy again in this department from "Hall's Journal of Health." A careful observance of the rules laid down in the following article, will save both health and life.]

Experienced physicians in all countries very well know that the immediate cause of a vast number of cases of disease and death is a "cold;" it is that which fires a magazine of human ills; it is the spark to gunpowder. It was to a cold taken on a raw December day, that the great Washington

owed his death. It was a common cold, aggravated by the injudicious advice of a friend, which ushered in the final illness of Washington Irving. Almost any reader can trace the death of some dear friend to a "little cold."

The chief causes of cold are two: first, cooling off too soon after exercise; second, getting thoroughly chilled while in a state of rest, without having been overheated; this latter originates dangerous pleurisies, fatal pneumonias (inflammation of the lungs,) and deadly fevers of the typhoid type.

Persons in vigorous health do not take cold easily; they can do with impunity what would be

fatal to the feeble and infirm. Dyspeptic persons take cold readily, but they are not aware of it, because its force does not fall on the lungs, but on the liver through the skin, giving sick headache; and close questioning will soon develop the fact of some unusual bodily effort, followed by cooling off rapidly.

A person wakes up some sunny morning, and feels as if he had been "pounded in a bag;" every joint is stiff, every muscle sore, and a single step cannot be taken without difficulty or actual pain. Reflection will bring out some unwonted exercise, and a subsequent cooling off before knowing it—as working in the garden in the spring-time; showing new servants "how to do;" in going a "shopping"—an expedition which taxes the mind and body to the utmost; the particular shade of a ribbon, the larger or smaller size of a "figure" on a calico dress, or a camel's hair shawl; whether the main flower of a bonnet shall be a "Jimpson" or a rosebud; whether the jewelry shall sport a Cupid's arrow or a snake's head; these and similar debatable points on a thousand "little nothings," rouse women's minds to a pitch of interest and excitement scarcely excelled by that of counsellors of state in determining the boundaries of empires or the fate of nations, to return home exhausted in body, depressed in mind, and thoroughly heated; the first thing done is to toss down a glass of water, to cool off; next, to lay aside bonnet, shawl, and "best dress;" and lastly, to put on a cold dress, lie down on a bed in a fireless room, and fall asleep, to wake up with infinite certainty, to a bad cold, which is to confine to the chamber for days and weeks together, and not unseldom carries them to the grave!

A lady was about getting into a small boat to cross the Delaware, but wishing first to get an orange at a fruit stand, she ran up the bank of the river, and on her return to the boat, found herself much heated, for it was summer; but there was a little wind on the water, and the clothing soon felt cold to her; the next morning she had a severe cold, which settled on her lungs, and within the year she died of consumption.

A stout, strong man, was working in a garden in May; feeling a little tired about noon, he sat down in the shade of the house, and fell asleep; he waked up chilly; inflammation of the lungs followed, ending, after two years of great suffering, in consumption. On opening his chest, there was such an extensive decay, that the yellow matter was scooped out by the cupful.

A Boston ship-owner, while on the deck of one of his vessels, thought he would "lend a hand" in some emergency, and pulling off his coat, worked with a will, until he perspired freely, when he sat down to rest awhile, enjoying the delicious breeze from the sea. On attempting to rise, he found himself unable, and was so stiff in his joints that he had to be carried home and put to bed, which he did not leave until the end of two years, when

he was barely able to hobble down to the wharf on crutches.

A lady, after being unusually busy all day, found herself heated and tired towards sundown of a summer's day. She concluded she would rest herself by taking a drive to town in an open vehicle. The ride made her uncomfortably cool, but she warmed herself by an hour's shopping, when she turned homeward; it being late in the evening, she found herself more decidedly chilly than before. At midnight she had *pneumonia*, (inflammation of the lungs) and in three months had the ordinary symptoms of confirmed consumption.

A lady of great energy of character lost her cook, and had to take her place for four days; the kitchen was warm, and there was a draft of air through it. When the work was done, warm and weary she went to her chamber, and lay down on the bed to rest herself. This operation was repeated several times a day. On the fifth day she had an attack of lung fever; at the end of six months she was barely able to leave her chamber, only to find herself suffering with all the more prominent symptoms of confirmed consumption, such as quick pulse, night and morning cough, night sweats, debility, short breath, and falling away.

A young lady rose from her bed on a November night, and leaned her arm on the cold window-sill to listen to a serenade. Next morning she had *pneumonia*, and suffered the horrors of asthma for the remainder of a long life.

Farmers' wives lose health and life every year, in one or two ways; by busying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa, without covering, and perhaps in a room without fire; or by removing the outer clothing, and perhaps changing the dress for a more common one as soon as they enter the house after walking or working. The rule should be invariable to go at once to a warm room, and keep on all the clothing at least for five or ten minutes, until the forehead is perfectly dry. In all weathers, if you have to walk and ride on any occasion, do the riding first.

An engineer, in the vigor of manhood, brought upon himself an incurable disease through a cold taken by standing on a zinc floor as soon as he left his bed in the morning, while he washed himself. Many a farmer's wife or daughter has lost her life by standing on a damp floor for hours together on washing-days.

A young lady, the only daughter of a rich citizen, stood an hour on the damp grass, while listening to the music in the Central Park; the next day she was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, of which she died within a week.

An estimable lady, a farmer's wife, busied herself in household affairs on a summer's day; late in the afternoon, having perspired a good deal, and being weary, she rode to town in an open vehicle to do some shopping; finding herself a little chilly, she walked rapidly on leaving her carriage, and

soon became comfortably warm again. While shopping, it rained. After the shower, she started homeward in a cool wind; this checked the perspiration the second time, and with all available precaution she reached home, chilled through and through, and died the victim of consumption within the year.

A farmer's daughter "went a-berrying;" the ground was flat and a little marshy; her shoes were thin, and by the excitement of company, she remained several hours. She was ill next day. Four years later, she stated to her physician that she had not seen a well hour since. She was then in the last stages of a hopeless decline, and died soon after.

A little attention would avert a vast amount of human suffering in these regards. Sedentary persons, invalids, and those in feeble health, should go directly to a fire after all forms of exercise, and

keep all the garments on for a few minutes; or, if in warm weather, to a closed apartment, and, if anything, throw on an additional covering. When no appreciable moisture is found on the forehead, the out-door garments may be removed. The great rule is, cool off very slowly always after the body has in any manner been heated beyond its ordinary temperature.

The moment a man is satisfied he has taken cold, let him do three things: First, eat nothing; second, go to bed, cover up warm in a warm room; third, drink as much cold water as he can, or as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can; and in three cases out of four he will be almost well in thirty-six hours; if not, send for an educated and experienced physician at once, for any "cold" which does not "get better" within forty-eight hours, is neither to be trifled with nor experimented upon.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS OF RELIGIOUS SORROW COMFORT COUNSEL AND ASPIRATION New York *Sheldon & Company*

A collection of poems designed to serve the use expressed in the title of this volume, should have been wholly free from any suspicion of literary pride in the compiler. He should have thought only of the bruised heart, the sorrowing spirit, the weak helplessness of souls in despair of human aid, and endeavored to draw nigh them as the healer, the comforter, and the helper. He should not have regarded so much the critical acceptability of his work, as its sacred mission.

As the volume presents itself to us, a different spirit ruled in the compiler's mind. First we have the weak affectation of a title page without a single punctuation mark, a sin against good sense and good taste. Backing the title page are three stanzas in German—untranslated; and at the bottom of this page the almost unmeaning line, "CHRISTMAS 1862." Then in making up the volume, we have poems printed in German, Italian and Latin, some with a translation on the opposite page, and some left untranslated—all showing scholarship and knowledge of foreign tongues; but not the author's absorption in the one desire of giving comfort, counsel, and religious hope to the sorrowing. By far too large a part of the collection is made from head, rather than heart-poetry. There is too much of the quaint, the finely intellectual, and the coldly statuesque in rhyme; and too small a number of tender outgushing heart utterances, which, coming from the heart, always reach the heart. We keep in mind the purpose of the book, in thus writing.

So much against the book, considering its special design. We can also speak cordial words in its favor, for we find therein Whittier's "Angel of Patience," and "My Psalm." Longfellow's "Two Angels," "Resignation," and "Footsteps of Angels." Mrs. Browning's "Sleep," "Cheerfulness Taught by Reason," "De profundis," "Consolation." Tennyson's "Christmas Eve." Mrs. Lowell's "Alpine Sheep," and many other hope-inspiring, or tear-embalmed utterances, that come into the heart and dwell there—angel guests. Better for the book, if this class of poems had been the rule instead of the exception.

CAMP AND OUTPOST DUTY FOR INFANTRY. With Standing Orders, Extracts from Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers and Duties of Officers. By Daniel Butterfield. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

A small pocket edition, which all connected with the military service will find useful.

THE POET'S JOURNAL. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*. Philadelphia: *Martien*.

The publishers, in an announcement of this volume, say:—"In the 'Poet's Journal' is related the history of Bayard Taylor's domestic life in verse—a history full of romance and incident." Accepting as true the declaration as to the life-history portrayed, we find the incident, instead of being full, a very slender thread, with only hints of romance, upon which the poet has strung a series of tender, sweet, loving rhymes, full of heart-touches and natural feeling. Good taste, a close

observation of nature, and genuine poetic thought, run through all the pages. The poet is represented as returning from abroad, with his foreign wife and their child, and meeting a brother at the old home, where the world-wanderer relates the history of his inner life during the years of absence. We select three of the brief poems that make up this history.

THE FATHER.

The fateful hour, when Death stood by
And stretched his threatening hand in vain,
Is over now, and Life's first cry
Speaks feeble triumph through its pain.

But yesterday, and thee the Earth
Inscribed not on her mighty scroll:
To-day she opens the gate of birth,
And gives the spheres another soul.

But yesterday, no fruit from me
The rising winds of Time had hurled:
To-day, a father,—can it be
A child of mine is in the world?

I look upon the little frame,
As helpless on my arm it lies:
Thou giv'st me, child, a father's name,
God's earliest name in Paradise.

Like Him, creator too I stand:
His Power and Mystery seem more near:
Thou giv'st me honor in the land,
And giv'st my life duration here.

But love, to-day, is more than pride;
Love sees his star of triumph shine,
For Life nor Death can now divide
The souls that wedded breathe in thine:

Mine and my mother's, whence arose
The copy of my face in thee;
And as thine eyelids first unclosed,
My own young eyes look up to me.

Look on me, child, once more, once more,
Even with those weak, unconscious eyes;
Stretch the small hands that help implore;
Salute me with thy wailing cries!

This is the blessing and the prayer
A father's sacred place demands:
Ordain me, darling, for thy care,
And lead me with thy helpless hands!

THE MOTHER.

Paler, and yet a thousand times more fair
Than in thy girlhood's freshest bloom, art thou;
A softer sun-flush tints thy golden hair,
A sweeter grace adorns thy gentle brow.

Lips that shall call thee "mother!" at thy breast
Feed the young life, wherein thy nature feels
Its dear fulfilment: little hands are pressed
On the white fountain Love alone unseals

Look down, and let Life's tender daybreak throw
A second radiance on thy ripened hour:
Retrace thine own forgotten advent so,
And in the bud behold thy perfect flower.

Nay, question not; whatever lies beyond
God will dispose. Sit thus, Madonna mine,
For thou art haloed with a love as fond
As Jewish Mary gave the Child Divine.

I lay my own proud title at thy feet;
Thine the first, holiest right to love shalt be:
Though in his heart our wedded pulses beat,
His sweetest life our darling draws from thee.

The father in his child beholds this truth,
His perfect manhood has assumed its reign:
Thou wear'st anew the roses of thy youth,—
The mother in her child is born again.

THE FAMILY.

Dear Love, whatever fate
The flying years unfold,
There's none can dissipate
The happiness we hold.
Whatever cloud may rise,
The very storms grow mild
Where bend the blissful skies
O'er Husband, Wife, and Child.

The errant dreams that failed,
The promises that fled,
The roseate hopes that paled,
The loves that now are dead,
The treason of the Past,—
All, all are reconciled:
Life's glory shines at last
On Father, Mother, Child!

To meet the days and years,
With hands that never part;
To shed no secret tears,
To hide no lonely heart:
To know our longing stilled,
To feel that God has smiled:
These are the dreams fulfilled
In Husband, Wife, and Child,—
In Father, Mother, Child!

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her son, the Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D. D., with an Appendix, containing extracts from the writings of Mr. Bethune. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

In this last literary work of the late Dr. Bethune, we have the tender tribute of a gifted son to a mother, whose life was given to Christian duties abroad and at home. "Christian ladies will read these pages and be stimulated and guided in noble, self-denying labors for the world around them; and aged women will here find a beautiful example of holy living and dying that will comfort and cheer them in the evening of their days."

Mrs. Bethune was one of the most active of those self-denying Christian women who found time, amid their home duties, to aid in establishing and developing institutions of charitable reform and religious instruction among the poor, debased, and outcast of New York city. Of all the good that she, and those of like spirit with herself have done, human language can never tell.

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By Mrs. C. H. B. Richards, Author of "Sedgemoor," "Aspiration," "Hester and I," etc. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Few better books for young ladies, than this, have appeared. A father who hands it to his daughter will do her a good service. Mrs. Richards has

written the volume in a loving and earnest spirit, and with the evident desire to do good. Its teachings are plain, touching every day's duties, and showing the springs of action that govern in right or wrong practices. It has the high merit of leading the mind to think—not being simply didactic, but largely suggestive. The book is in two parts. The first discourses of Health, Industry, Cheerfulness, Generosity, Justice, Transparency, Earnestness, Reverence, Patience, and Magnanimity. The second Part of Physical Consciousness, Self-Consciousness, Social Consciousness, Delicacy, Tact, Amiability, Consistency, and Dignity.

The Dedication is to her sister, Mrs. Alice B. Haven, a writer whose name is a familiar word in all American households, and whose pure life has been an illustration of the truths she taught. When the sister says of her, in this Dedication, "You have been the best example to me of the lessons I strive to teach, and you have best shown me how certainly, by the grace of God, the victory is given to such a struggle in humble patience, and in self-abnegation, with the infirmities of our nature," we who know her personally understand the beauty and fitness of the tribute.

THE STUDENT'S FRANCE. A History of France, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

We find this volume warmly commended by the press as the best condensed history of France yet published. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* says of it:—

"We have carefully examined this admirable volume, and recommend it without a qualifying clause. Written by a thorough English scholar, long resident in France, its style is excellent, the narrative very attractively presented, and the consultation of authorities full, careful, extended, and judicious. All the other volumes of this series are good and useful, but this is more needed than the others, for we know of no other History of France at once compendious and philosophic which is suited to the wants of the English and American student. White is a school book; Bonnechose, suited to the French, is not properly annotated; Michelet and Gifford are too extensive for commodious reference. The excellent wood-cuts in this book are not fanciful representations, but are of real scenes or are from pictures painted in the times. The principal characters, kings and warriors, are admirably delineated, and the accompanying portraits are copies of paintings from life. At the end of each chapter are notes and illustrations, stating the principal authorities for further and fuller study; and throughout the book clear genealogical tables of the various houses are given. The index at the close of the work is copious, and gives great facility of reference. Many a student will find his account in reading this book carefully through at once for a full and connected knowledge of French history;

and as a book for future reference, upon all subjects which it might fairly be expected to treat, it will stand unrivaled."

THE BOOK HUNTER, etc. By John Hill Burton; with additional Notes, by Richard Grant White. New York: *Sheldon & Company*. Philadelphia: *Smith & English*.

A curious and entertaining volume, which bookish men will read with a keen zest. It is divided into four parts. The first describes the book hunter, his nature and classification of species; the second his functions; the third his club. The fourth treats of Book-club Literature. The satire of the volume is delicate and polished, the humor genial, and the facts aptly introduced. Mr. Burton has a cultivated mind and a scholarly style, and his pleasant pages will be found quite alluring.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. Part 55. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

We notice the regularly-appearing numbers of this excellent book. Each number is but fifteen cents, so within the reach of almost every one. Four volumes have already been completed.

BOOK OF DAYS. Parts IX, X.

These numbers bring down the record of curious things, and remarkable personages connected with the particular days, to May 16, which, being the birth-day of St. Brendan, his legend is given. This Irish saint died in 578.

THE BIBLE AS AN EDUCATIONAL POWER AMONG THE NATIONS. By John S. Hart, LL. D. Philadelphia: *J. C. Garrigue & Co.*, 1862.

One of Professor Hart's carefully written essays. The title is an index to the theme, which is discussed with the clearness and precision of a logical mind.

"*Somebody's Luggage*," the new Christmas story by Dickens, has been published in cheap form by T. B. Peterson & Brothers of our city. It is an odd jumble of curious and improbable narratives, upon which no man but Dickens would venture to stake his literary reputation.

THE BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS OF AMERICA. Parts I and II. *L. Frang & Co.*, Boston.

We have here an attractive novelty. Each of the parts contains, in a neat case, twelve cards, size of the popular carte de visite, so that they can be used in the Photograph Album. On these cards are native butterflies, or moths, richly printed in all the natural colors—one subject to each card. So carefully executed and colored are these specimens of entomology, that they cannot fail to be widely popular. The agent in this city is Mr. F. E. Thurston, Lancaster Avenue, opposite Bridge Street. He sends them by mail to any address, at \$1 a package, containing twelve cards.

Mr. Thurston has shown us specimens of "*Autumn Leaves*," which are published in the same style,

and at the same price, as the "Butterflies and Moths." The delicacy of the drawings, and the variety and richness of coloring, as seen in these specimens, will secure for them a very large sale.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL. A Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. *James F. Miller*, 522 Broadway.

These volumes are in a pleasant, humorous, conversational vein; but the matter is sound, healthful, and reaches the deepest and profoundest themes. There is a brisk, warm, pleasant atmosphere about these books, which soothes and refreshes the heart and soul. We can pay them no higher compliment than to say that "*The Country Parson*" has devoted a chapter to them in his delightful essays.

"**THE WELL IN THE ROCK.**" By Virginia F. Townsend. *James Miller*, New York.

This book we recommend to the young, for whom it was especially designed. It is full of domestic pictures of country life, of home loves and sympathies, of joys and sorrows, and reaches down to those great affections and needs which belong to our common humanity. Our youthful readers will find the book entertaining and instructive.

"**THE LITTLE CHILD'S BOOK.**" *James Miller*, New York.

A juvenile for very little people, gotten up in neat style, and attractive for the nursery on account of its many varied and suggestive pictures.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"THINGS WE TALK ABOUT."

Don't you wonder oftentimes, oh, reader and friend, how this poor, unhinged, out-of-joint, overladen world gets on at all? We do; so many screws loose—so many things gone wrong—so many wrong-headed folk to carry—so many wrong-hearted ones, heavier still; so many mistakes—so much mischief resulting from the mistakes; and, worse than all these, so much blindness and weakness—so much envy, and malice, and bitterness, that one is prone to lose heart sometimes—to get perplexed, confused, disgusted with one's self in particular, and the world in general. But there is for the true heart—for the tender, teachable spirit, a sweet and solemn protest against these moods of the soul in the skies above and the earth beneath—the earth that God made and causes his sun to arise and shine upon.

Have you never looked out in it in some hour of mental chill and gloom, and felt the clouds all break away, the heart-sickness banish, as you saw the golden rivers of the sun pouring everywhere their tides of gladness? So long as that sun shines, His tender mercies and His loving kindness shall endure; so long as the Right Hand which fills with oil the great lamp hung in the Heavens does not fail, it will reach down tenderly for guidance and strength to all who take hold on it. Yes, amid all the confusion, and perplexity, and trials of life, the calm and the strength of the Eternal Love, is about us. And now, dear reader, if your nature is a broad, tender, sympathetic one—if a wrong or an injustice done to another seems to you always very much like one done to yourself, I know that you must have been often amazed, pained, outraged, when you have had brought home to your mind and heart, the frightful amount of foolish, gossip, frivolous—of bad, wicked, malicious talk there is in the world.

"*Things we talk about!*" How much they make of our lives! What an immense social force our speech is for good or for evil, and in what service is it mostly employed! Did it ever strike you what a low conversational standard most of us have? In neighborly and social calls, in friendly afternoon visits, in evening companies, when these are largely composed of intelligent, agreeable, and socially accomplished women, what a waste of talk there is—what barren, petty, frivolous subjects our speech goes hunting after—how little kindness, and wisdom, and thought of any kind there is in what we say; not that people should be always talking lofty sentiments, and uttering high-sounding phrases. The dullest people in the world are those who "talk like books." Good sense can be run into the mould of plain Anglo-Saxon, and a warm, kindly heart, can make itself felt in the animated, picturesque words of our sweet, old-fashioned mother tongue.

But the host of us have enough to answer for in this matter. Surely we have all said unwise things—foolish things—wrong things—things to be repented of enough; but there is another phase of conversation, which differs from these as wickedness does from weakness—we come now to the backbiting, traducing, malicious type of conversation. When one soberly reflects upon how much there is of this in the world, it seems simply astounding that mankind gets on at all.

There are so many people ready to ridicule, impugn, traduce the character, motives, conduct of anybody with whom they are brought in contact—so ready to ferret out, and hold up, and gloat over the faults of their fellow men, that, as we said, it seems sometimes wonderful how the world gets on at all.

And this active slander furnishes a terrible commentary on the evil in human nature. We all of us need so much charity from others—so much

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gentleness, and sympathy, and kindness from our fellow-men in their judgments of our lives and deeds, that it might reasonably be supposed that each of us would deal gently with our neighbors, as we would be dealt by; but, is it so?

The worst backbiters we ever knew—the real “Miss Limejuices” of society—those who did most delight in ferreting out and feeding on the failings and faults of their fellow beings, were as restive under any insinuations of blame respecting themselves—as exacting and sensitive on this score as the most intensely approbative persons.

“It’s a poor rule that went work both ways.” If you will slander and soil your neighbor, be generous—take it in good part and be amiable and magnanimous when he slanders and soils you in turn.

But, better than this, if you’ve fallen into the evil habit of telling over the weak and wrong side in the characters of those whom you know, get rid of it—resolutely and prayerfully, get rid of it. Solemnly covenant with yourself to speak tenderly, pitifully, charitably of others—to seek for whatever explains and palliates their faults and follies—to give them always the benefit of a doubt, and deal with others as one day you would be dealt by.

There is unquestionably a great deal of gossip and slander in the world which does not proceed from malice, but from inquisitiveness and curiosity. We have known really kind, sympathetic, and in the main, good people, who were ready to hear and ready to repeat any story of other people, and yet did this with no malice, but lived out a law of their nature that the human mind must be active in some direction. Of course they did wrong, and wrong was very likely to come of the doing; but no dark elements of “bitterness, hatred, variance” entered into it.

Dear reader, let us all see to “*the things we talk about.*” Let us strive to do somewhat to refine and elevate the tone of conversation among those with whom we are thrown in social communion—if only for a few hours—that we drop into its midst some words that are wise, or true, or pitiful—some words of kindness and good cheer, such as the weakest can utter, and that we speak of the absent—of their infirmities, mistakes and misfortunes, somewhat as we would have them speak of ours.

“Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbor to him that fell among the thieves?”

“And He said—‘He that showed mercy on him.’”

“Then said Jesus unto him—‘Go thou and do likewise.’”

V. F. T.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

We have all read of that brave passage of our troops across the Rappahannock in the early December days—days which held in them some tender fragrance spilled and lost out of the golden September. And we read with hearts beating low, andaching for dread of the brave charge of our men

before those fearful batteries, and of the wounded and dying who strewed that sodden battle ground of December.

We all of us read too of the fair homes of Fredericksburg laid in dust and in ashes; and we thought of the homeless mothers and the little children, and our hearts failed us for pity. And we prayed God to have mercy, to give us speedily the victory which should end this anguish and desolation which this war had wrought for us and for our enemies.

But we read too, with amazement and shame, and sorrow unutterable, that, after the fight, some of our soldiers entered the dismantled, riddled homes of Fredericksburg, pillaged them, demolished their furniture in wantonness and reckless fury, tore open the wardrobes, and tried on with ribald jest and laughter the dresses of the women who had flown for their lives from their homes.

Our men did this—our men, whom we have counted heroes and patriots, and seen them go forth with our prayers, and blessings; and tears, counting not their lives dear unto them for the sweet sake of their country!

Alas! and alas again, that any of that army to whom we have rendered such praise and honor—whom in its lofty courage, its sublime patriotism, its chivalry, and tenderness, we fondly hoped and believed surpassed all the armies that ever went forth to battle, should have dishonored and discredited themselves by these excesses and pillages after the fight at Fredericksburg.

If a principle is worth fighting for at all, it is worth fighting to the death; if our country is dear to us, she should be dearer than life; and we all know that the awful necessities and exigencies of war for her sake must be met.

Had that demanded that every house in Fredericksburg be laid in dust and ashes, and the city itself a desolation, it must be but fighting brave, faithful, honest. Fighting is one thing and pillage and havoc are another; and no man has any more right to lay his finger upon his enemy’s goods, saving where necessity requires it, than he has upon his neighbor’s.

It might have been necessary, and surely in that case right, to turn the houses in Fredericksburg into hospitals for our wounded. It might have been necessary to use their beds and their stores for our suffering, worn-out soldiers, but, beyond the necessities of war, it was not right to use and destroy whatsoever belonged to our enemies.

Mothers who have sent your brave boys to this war; wives and sisters who have seen your husbands and your brothers go out to fight, it may be to die, am I not right in this matter, and is not this the true, Christian ideal of warfare?

After the destruction was done, the fight was over, should not the homes which still rose among the ruins, and whose destruction war did not render imperative, have been held inviolate? Should not their sanctity have been regarded, their pro-

party held as sacred by our men as were the homes of their own wives and mothers?

When the wondering little children of Fredericksburg stole back through the desolated streets to the houses that remained, should they not have found their toys scattered on the floor, just as they left them in their last play before they were snatched up for the swift flight, and the women have found in their wardrobes the dresses smooth and unsoiled as they hung them there? It is no sufficient excuse that our men were peculiarly aggravated and outraged—that from behind the windows and doors of the houses women—mistaken, deluded, frenzied—fired upon them. "Two wrongs do not make a right;" neither is one justified in wreaking mere personal vengeance upon an enemy, for the golden rule reaches and includes in its fullest and highest meaning even the spoils of battle, and after the fight as before it still stands. "*Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.*" V. F. T.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

I.

Dead leaves, in the brooding tempest,
To their branches hang shivering,
As blossoms of hope, though blighted,
Will still to the sad heart cling.

And to the loud, wild harpings,
As the desolate winds go by,
The wailing minstrels of autumn
Sing requiems plaintively.

All day by my shadow'd window,
With gloom o'er the heavens spread,
I list to the solemn dirges
They chant for the lovely dead;

For the radiant, sunny flowers
They've kiss'd with their chilling breath,
And the green bird-bowers, whose music
Is changed to the sighs of death.

II.

Away on the distant hill-tops,
Late crowned with the garlands bright,
Is falling the darkling shadows
Of a lonely and starless night.

While over the storm-winds beareth
From caves of the Northern sea,
A sorrowing strain more doleful
To swell the sad minstrelsy.

And I think of the golden twilights
That lingered amid the plains,
When the songs of the passing summer
Came back, with their soft refrains.

But yet, amid all this grieving,
Where murmuring voices dream
Seen uttering tales of terror—
Of agony, pain and fear.

Oh, ever so sweet and melting,
Like the singing of angel-bands,
The low, tender voices of summer,
Float up from the orange lands.

III.

And the breath of her fragrant roses,
Which soothingly to me comes,
Seems draping my heart with verdure,
And the beautiful May-day blooms.

And so, as this tranquil vision
Is closing the Autumn day,
And wafeth the spirit onward
Amid the June flowers to stray,

I watch for a blessed token,
Like the glorious bow on high,
To span the dark clouds of battle
That darken my country's sky.

When war's trumpet-calls grow silent,
And the clangor of strife shall cease,
And over our hills ring joyful
The soft bugle-notes of peace.

SPENCERPORT, N. Y., November, 1862.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY.


We had one of these last summer, amid the beautiful and picturesque scenery which lies along the route of the Erie Railroad, through the heart of New York State.

The ride on this road is one full of interest and surprise, and charm to the traveller, who brings eyes for seeing the varied beauty of blue rivers and brown hills, of pleasant towns, and fair villages that rise, and smile and vanish on one's swift flashing path.

We want to say a word, too, in favor of the management of this road, of the kind and courteous officers who do so much to promote the comfort and convenience of travellers on the route. In short, dear reader, if you have the time and money to spare, just try a trip on the Erie Railroad, in which case we wish for you a journey as pleasant and refreshing and full of delightful memories as we had.

V. F. T.

The Austrian ladies have resolved to give crinoline a dead cut. At Ischl, where they congregated during the autumn, any lady infringing against this fiat will have to feel the weight of the displeasure of the Austrian ladies. They have gone a step further, and intimated to the managers of the Vienna theatres that they will not patronize a house where the actresses wear crinolines. In England, also, a strong opposition to wide skirts exists, and organized efforts are being made to restrict the reign of a fashion that has long enough been carried to excess.

 **OUR PREMIUMS.**—The demand for our elegant premium plates is so large, and the process of photographic printing so slow, that we necessarily fall a little behind in the supply. But they are being sent forwards as fast as produced, and all who are entitled to receive them will be furnished in regular order.

P. S.—Editorial correspondence and advertising

Prospectus for 1863!

The Saturday Evening Post

The publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

Mrs. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,

Author of "AMONG THE PINES,"

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose domestic sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES, AND POETRY. Special departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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1 copy, one year,	- - - - -	\$2.00
4 copies, one year,	- - - - -	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	- - - - -	12.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE? To any one sending thirty subscriptions and \$60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for \$45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of \$2 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the \$60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money (\$60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

 Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis, when requested.

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DEACON & PETERSON,

319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

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Anderson, Brig. Gen.	Douglass, Stephen A.	Madonna. Corregio.	Seward, Hon. W. H.
Arthur, T. S.	Evangeline.	Murillo's Infant Saviour.	Scott, Walter.
Albert Durer's Children.	Elsworth, Col. E. E.	Mother's Vision.	Shakespeare.
Blessed are they that mourn.	Fremont, Maj. Gen.	McClellan, Maj. Gen.	Suffer little Children.
Believer's Vision.	Farragut, Admiral.	Mitchell, Maj. Gen.	Stanton, Hon. E. M.
Butler, Maj. Gen.	Foote, Admiral.	Mansfield, Maj. Gen.	Twins, The.
Banks, Maj. Gen.	Family Worship.	Meagher, Col.	Townsend, Miss V. F.
Burnside, Maj. Gen.	Good Shepherd. By Murillo.	Marriage of the Virgin.	Taylor, Bayard.
Buell, Maj. Gen.	Grant, Maj. Gen.	Mittford, Miss.	Tennyson.
Brownlow, Parson.	Goldsborough, Admiral.	Mercy's Dream.	Vielé, Brig. Gen.
Browning, Robert.	Hallock, Maj. Gen.	Mad. De Stael.	Vandyke.
Browning, Mrs. E. B.	Hunter, Maj. Gen.	Olive Plants.	Virgin of Seville. Murillo.
Beatrice Cenci, from Guido.	Heintzelman, Maj. Gen.	Prentice, Geo. D.	We Praise Thee, O God.
Baker, Col. E. D.	Hamlin, Hon. H.	Past and Future.	Wood, Maj. Gen.
Consider the Lilies.	Have mercy upon us.	President and Cabinet.	Wallace, Maj. Gen. Lewis.
Curtis, Maj. Gen.	Infant St. John, by Murillo.	Pope, Maj. Gen.	Wilkes, Commodore.
Corcoran, Brig. Gen.	Interrupted Reader.	Rebecca, from Ivanhoe.	Washington (Stuart's).
Chase, Hon. Salmon P.	Impatience.	Rosecrans, Brig. Gen.	Washington, Mrs.
Christiana and her Child'n.	Lincoln, President.	Raphael.	Whittier, J. G.
Dix, Maj. Gen.	Longfellow's Children.	Scott, Lieut. Gen.	Welles, Hon. Gideon.
Doubleday, Brig. Gen.	Lyon, Brig. Gen.	Sigel, Maj. Gen.	Winthrop, Theodore.
Dupont, Admiral.	Longfellow, H. W.	Shields, Brig. Gen.	Young Timothy.
		Slemmer, Major.	Young Samuel.
		Stringham, Admiral.	

At the prices above named, the taste for these exquisite gems of art may be freely indulged by almost every one. As Souvenirs and holiday presents few things are more appropriate or acceptable.

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Printed instructions how to canvass well, furnished all our agents.

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The War Department uses our Map of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, cost \$100,000, on which marked Antietam Creek, Sharpsburg, Maryland Heights, Williamsport Ferry, Rhoadersville, Noland's Ford, all others on the Potomac, and every other place in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, or money refunded.

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From the Tribune, August 2.

"LLOYD'S MAP OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND PENNSYLVANIA.—This Map is very large; its cost is but 25 cents, and it is the best which can be purchased."

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NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, September 17, 1862.

J. T. LLOYD—Sir: Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as are required for use of that squadron. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

NEW NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

We can only reiterate what we have so often said in favor of this sterling Magazine; it is among the best of our literary periodicals, and when its price is taken into account, we may without fear of contradiction, say it is the best.

Gazette, Waukegan, Ill.

The Home magazine now ranks with the first periodicals of the land, and is every day gaining public favor. While it is exceeding every lover of pure literature, it is also possessed of a high moral tone, which renders it a safe publication to be placed in the hands of all classes. It is one of those few magazines which combine moral improvement with intellectual entertainment.

Commercial Advertiser, Chicago, Ill.

The character of this periodical is too well established to need any commendation from our pen. We have no hesitation in speaking of it in terms of the most unqualified approbation, and most cordially recommend it to our friends.

Intelligencer, Doyle, Pa.

Arthur's Home Magazine for November. Any notice we might give of this periodical would fail to do it justice.

It is to be appreciated. Those who want to be able to look at ours a moment or so, to see the character of its genial "phiz." It is preeminently the cheapest and best magazine for the ladies ever published in America.

Register, Washington, Ohio.

The January number of this superb magazine promises the forthcoming volume to be one that will not be surpassed. This work is a true household companion, and imparts a freshness and delight to the home circle not to be found in any other similar publication.

Journal, Perryburg, Ohio.

Arthur's Home Magazine for January is a most excellent number, and cannot fail to interest the elite. It is truly the ladies' companion, for we have never yet seen a lady who did not express the most unbounded delight in viewing and reading this Magazine.—*Expositor, Vinona, Wis.*

In many respects this is the most deserving monthly, of its class, published in the country. Its character is highly moral, and all its contributors have a high regard for true principles to instil even fiction anything that would challenge criticism, and be calculated to leave a stain upon the purest mind.—*Review, Washington, Pa.*

It contains the purest, the most interesting, and the most useful reading matter of any of our monthlies.—*Advertiser, Danville, N. Y.*

If we were to recommend the best family magazine, we should name Arthur's. It is well written and well illustrated, and will repay perusal.

Budget, Wolburn Mass.

We do not think we have seen a better number of this Magazine than the first one of the new volume, which is now before us.

Spectator, Hamilton, Canada West.

This article of "Home Comfort" has made its appearance, and is better than ever. We do take solid comfort in perusing it, and we doubt not that every lover of good reading who takes it does the same.—*Times, Waterville, New York.*

It should grace every parlor in America. Nothing so good to it is afforded for two dollars.

Conservator, Chestertown, Md.

Try Arthur's Home Magazine for next year. It will give the largest return of pleasure and profit for a small investment that you can make.

Educator, Quakertown, Pa.

Arthur is emphatically what it purports to be, a Home Magazine, and all its influence is cast on the side of morality and religion. Wherever it goes its tendency is to elevate, purify, and refine, and it should be a welcome visitor in every house. It is undoubtedly the best publication of its character, for the price, in the country.—*Whig, Elkton, Md.*

Judging from the past, we hesitate not in saying that no prudent mother, did she know the worth of this work, but would strive to take a copy.

Democrat, Skensatles, New York.

It is a Home Magazine in every sense of the word—healthy, fresh, and sweet. Its literary merits are inferior to none of the more expensive magazines. Its cheapness makes it accessible to all families.—*Record, Wausau, Wis.*

It is a favorite wherever it is read. It is good for men, women, and children; good at the fire-side, on the railroad car. Truly it is a gem.—*Register, Eaton, Ohio.*

We do not think there is a magazine published at the same price, that is so replete with the useful and beautiful as this.—*Advertiser, Detroit, Mich.*

We know of no other magazine of the kind that will compare with Arthur's, and would commend it to the attention of those who have not already made its acquaintance.

Gazette, North Bridgewater, Mass.

We can say, as we have often said before, and always with truth, that it is altogether one of the most useful magazines now published.

Porcupine, New York.

Arthur's Home Magazine for November is a gem which for its price is unequalled. It is one of the very best and safest for a family that can be procured.—*Register, Granville, N. Y.*

We have been a constant reader of "Arthur" for a period of over six years, and during that long period we never found in its richly stored pages an objectionable sentiment.

Republican, Caldwell, Ohio.

This magazine, combining the excellencies of both the fashion and literary monthlies, comes nearer to perfection than any other magazine we have ever seen.—*Advertiser, Tipton, Iowa.*

We have tried many times during the last five years to express our opinion of this periodical in such a manner that the public should understand we meant what we said, and were not merely writing a newspaper "puff;" and now we wish to do the same thing once more, viz: If we were in circumstances which would enable us to take one magazine, and only one, and if we had children in our house to read, and listen to the reading of its contents, that magazine should be Arthur's; for we know of no other which is so well calculated to interest and instruct old and young, wise and simple, as this genuine Home Magazine.

Sentinel, Monroe, Wis.

The December issue of this sterling magazine is received. It is a valuable number, and no one can read it without both pleasure and profit.

U.S. Gazette, Dexter, Me.

Philadelphia.

TERMS:

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

For 1863!

Volumes XXI. and XXII.

Edited by T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

DEVOTED TO

Social Literature, Arts, Morals, Health, and Domestic Happiness

The aim of this work from the beginning, has been to unite in one periodical the attractions and excellencies of two classes of magazines—The Ladies', or Fashion Magazines, as they are called, and the literary monthly; and so to blend the useful with the entertaining, as to please and benefit all classes of readers. The true "Home Magazine" must have its

TOILETTE AND WORK-TABLE DEPARTMENT; its MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT; its HEALTH, CHILDREN'S, AND HOUSE-KEEPER'S DEPARTMENT; as well as its strictly LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

All these are united in our magazine, and in each department excellence is sought. Nothing is admitted in any way hurtful to morality, honor, or religion.

Probably of no periodical in the country has the press everywhere spoken with such unqualified approval. From thousands of similar expressions we give the following:—

It is a Home Magazine in every sense of the word, healthy, fresh, and sweet as the meadows of June. It is a welcome in home.—*Journal, Delhi, Iowa.*

Its cheapness makes it accessible to all families, while its literary merits are inferior to none of the more expensive magazines.—*Courier, Cohasset, N. Y.*

Arthur has done as much as any man of his age to diffuse good morals and religious principles among the young, and his magazine comes forth from month to month like a sower to sow, and scatter the good seed everywhere.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Arthur's Home Magazine is undoubtedly the best publication of its character, for the price, published in the United States or any other country.—*Independent, Mankato, Minn.*

The ladies' magazine comes fully up to the standard of a literary and fashionable magazine.—*Telegram, Ottawa, Ohio.*

No person who cannot get two dollars worth of it in a year, will never get it in any magazine.—*Independent, Warren, Ill.*

Bright, beautiful, and home-like as usual. May its genial presence never fail to cheer our home.—*Chronicle, Rochester, Ind.*

We never put down this magazine, but that we feel better for having taken it up.—*Union Deposit, N. Y.*

We have said so much in favor of Arthur's Magazine that we hardly know what else we can say. It is certainly one of the best and one of the cheapest.—*Republicans, New Oregon, Iowa.*

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portion of the HOME MAGAZINE is of the highest character. The Editors, who write largely for the pages, are assisted by liberal contributions from the pens of some of the best writers in the country.

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Are sent to all who make up Clubs.—Our Premiums for 1863 are—

1. A large Photographic copy of that splendid Engraving, "SHAKESPEARE AND HIS COTEMPORARIES." This copy is made from a proof print, before lettering, and gives all the details with accuracy and effect that is remarkable.
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3. A similar copy of Herring's "GLIMPSE OF AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD." This premium was given last year, and was so great a favorite that we continue it on our list for 1863!

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